

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 20, 1942

WHO'S WHO

FRANCIS J. BRACELAND, M.D., is Dean of the Medical School and professor of psychiatry at Loyola University, Chicago, Ill. He has studied psychiatry in Zurich, London, Vienna and Munich and served on the faculties of the Graduate School of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania and Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia. At present, he is a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve Medical Corps. His warnings against the pandemic *vitaminomania* and *sulphomania* may shake the faith of those who expect to find health, beauty and success in a pill or a capsule. . . . THOMAS FRANCIS WOODLOCK, former editor-in-chief of the *Wall Street Journal* and at present contributing editor to the same publication, is an international authority on railroads and finance. His article this week synthesizes the larger treatment of the lost soul of modern thought in his recently published book, *The Catholic Pattern*. . . . COURTENAY SAVAGE, playwright, editor, dramatic critic and radio executive, sounds a necessary warning against the hate-mongering school of war propagandists. . . . JOHN A. DECHANT, assistant director of public relations of the National Catholic Community Service, explains in detail what this Catholic agency of the U.S.O. is doing to fill the religious and recreational needs of soldiers, sailors and war workers. . . . WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, whose poetry has frequently been welcomed in our columns and who dipped into theology in the June 6 issue, this week combines the two in an article on the Roman Index—a sketch of a Theology of Literature.

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COMMENT

IN a turmoil of sensational occurrences, little astonishment was created by the news of Soviet Foreign Minister Molotoff's arrival in Washington on May 29 and the subsequent signing of a master lease-lend agreement between the United States and Russia. Under the logic of our war cooperation with Russia it was imperatively necessary that such an agreement should be worked out. It is another evident step forward, as is the pooling with Britain of our food and war supplies, toward the super-organization which is the price of victory. It was to be expected, likewise, that the Washington conference would encourage the idea of a "second front" in 1942, in view of the desperate importance that would attach to such a front in Mr. Molotoff's objectives. Crucial, however, as are "second-front" decisions, may they never be guided by any consideration short of supreme and universal military expediency. Even the twin news of the immediately preceding twenty-year treaty signed in London by Mr. Molotoff and Anthony Eden has not aroused a burst of surprise. Events were steadily leading up to this climax. The text of the Anglo-Soviet treaty, in its Article V, squarely takes into account the provisions of the Atlantic Charter. The news of the Washington conversations does mightily stir in the American mind the hope that in Washington the future integrity of lesser nations was as definitely brought home to Mr. Molotoff as it was in England.

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TODAY, the application of the Atlantic Charter to the agreements reached by the United Nations spells some hope of freedom for the Soviet-absorbed countries of Poland and the Baltic. Will this rift in the clouds be kept open when the peace discussions begin, or will it be closed again by Soviet refusals to consider these peoples as sovereign nations, and so within the Charter's scope? In great measure, the answer to this question depends upon the diligence and clarity with which in the interim this issue is kept prominent.

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SAID Admiral William D. Leahy, Ambassador to France, at his first press conference after his return from Vichy to this country: "The sense of freedom that one feels upon arriving in America is completely beyond my facility with words to express." This simple utterance tells most of the story as to what France, even unoccupied France, is now experiencing. Admiral Leahy's straightforward language is a rebuke to the type of person who continues to accuse Marshal Pétain, France and the French of a complete sell-out to the Axis and clamors for a declaration of war against Vichy. "The people of France," says Admiral Leahy, "are

practically unanimously pro-American and hopeful of a defeat of the Axis Powers." Pétain, says Leahy, "is under constant and cruel pressure from the invader." Maintenance of diplomatic relations "with the changing Government of France has, up to the present, made it possible to assist the French people in keeping alive their hope for an eventual deliverance from their oppressors." "No positive action," notes the Admiral, "as yet taken by the Marshal's Government since the armistice has been of material military assistance to the Axis Powers." It would appear to be plain folly to quench France's hopes and throw her people into despair by breaking off diplomatic relations now. When Vichy gives positive assistance to Hitler, there will be sufficient time to act.

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WAITING for his cue to go on the air, John Barrymore crumpled and collapsed in a Hollywood studio on May 19. One week and a half later, death which he had so often simulated in the great tragedies, overtook him. He was sixty years old; and he had lived richly and spectacularly. Not many men become legends while they are still alive. Barrymore had that distinction, among many others. The facts of his life, however, are well known to anyone who reads even the headlines. Perhaps nothing in his life became him as well as his dying did. A priest reconciled him to the Church and gave him the last Sacraments. Often had he thrilled audiences with Hamlet's somber lines on death and unpreparedness; and it is good to know that he had the final consolations himself. For success after all is a matter of having one's name not in lights nor headlines but in the Book of Life.

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WITH an address that was not widely publicized in the United States, but which made headlines in the London papers, Ambassador John G. Winant settled a miners' strike in the Durham coal region in England. Although he did not once refer to the strike during the course of his talk, what he said so moved his audience that the strikers voted to go back to work. He told them quite simply that as soon as Fascism had been crushed, the United Nations would move to crush poverty and unemployment. "When the war is done," he affirmed, "the drive for tanks must become a drive for houses. The drive for food to prevent the enemy from starving us must become a drive for food to satisfy the needs of all the people of all countries." The miners of Durham, having known nothing but poverty and unemployment, malnutrition and bad housing for the better part of two decades, understood what the Ambassador meant; they believed and trusted him; they voted unanimously to go

back to work. This reaction, despite the broken promises and shattered hopes of the last war, is a portentous straw in the wind. It means that the poor everywhere are lifting up their eyes to the Atlantic Charter as to another *Magna Carta*. For it they are working and suffering and dying. If this time their hopes are frustrated by a selfish and inept peace, democracy will suffer a mortal blow. It can live in the post-war world only by giving the poor the justice for which they hunger.

DURING the World War a woman used to stand in front of the main post office building in Washington, D. C., and announce the approach of the millennium, of which she said Woodrow Wilson was the prophet. Cults and prophecies are appearing again in the second World War. An interesting survey is offered in the Washington column of the *Lutheran* for June 3, 1942, of the part that the various cults are playing in the religious life of Washington:

There are 213 meeting places for religious groups having no connections with the older denominations. The list of their names begins with Assemblia Christiana and ends with Zoeth. The longest name of any of these groups, as given in its papers of incorporation, is "The Sons and Daughters and the Brothers and the Sisters of Moses of the United States of America and of the World Incorporated." Dr. Weaver has a rather clever classification of these groups. 1. The Pentecostal, stressing the baptism of the Holy Ghost, faith healing and the gift of tongues; 2. The Perfectionist, stressing a deeper spiritual life, marked by perfect holiness; 3. The Prosperity Seekers, whose leaders promise health, happiness and prosperity through the directed culture of the inner life and the overcoming of error; 4. The Psychic Groups, led by teachers and preachers who undertake so to train their adherents that new latent mental and spiritual powers are released; 5. The Profound, who are intrigued by the appeal of metaphysics and are seeking insight into ancient esoteric truth, the Baha'is, the Theosophists and the Yogoda group being illustrations; 6. The Promiscuous, the unclassifiable, and they are not a few. All these want at least one strong organization in the Nation's Capital.

To these classifications one should add the Occult, such as the astrologists and the Rosicrucians.

HOW many stop to think of the reasons for this country's special interest in Africa—during the war, and still more, in the deliberations that will occur after the war? Yet the future of Africa is an essential part of the future of the world. Its enormous resources, its vast territory form the background for the whole system of post-war political and economic readjustments. Even at present, the United States is associated with Africa far more intimately than at first sight appears; through our treaty relations, through our population of African descent, through American philanthropic, missionary and economic undertakings in the Dark Continent. Timely, therefore, is the organization of the Committee on Africa, the War, and Peace Aims, which has just been announced by Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes. Chairman of the Phelps Stokes

Fund. Before the end of June, a report of about 200 pages will be issued by the Committee, which will deal with the future of Africa from the standpoint of the Atlantic Charter, the peace plans of Pope Pius XII, and other noted documents. The months of labor devoted to this study and the personnel of the committee promise a volume of more than passing interest.

WHAT judgment history will eventually pass on John L. Lewis and his contribution to the labor movement must await the passing of years. To all intents and purposes, he has taken the United Mine Workers out of the C.I.O. Although this action involved severing relations with the organization he founded and guided through its turbulent first years, as well as the sundering of a long friendship with Philip Murray, his successor as president of the C.I.O., Mr. Lewis, for reasons that are exasperatingly obscure, has not hesitated to force the final break. Whether this means the beginning of the disintegration of the C.I.O. is anybody's guess. Whether it means a third labor movement under the leadership of Mr. Lewis, or possibly the return of the United Mine Workers to the A.F. of L. likewise are questions that cannot be answered. At the present time, this much seems clear: the enemies of union labor outside the movement and the Communists within it are the only groups that stand to benefit by the rupture of friendly relations between John L. Lewis and Philip Murray. The only hope that remains is that the rank and file among the United Miners will see this and persuade their leader to reconsider his strange and disconcerting position.

HATRED in war is put in its proper place in the current article by Courtenay Savage. It might be a good thing to remember from time to time, all the things we owe to those who are now enemy nations. What we owe to Germany and Italy, in music, art, science, is easily recallable, but we are a little hard put to it to count many debts we owe to Japan. However, there is one: do you know that the warm, even climate on the southern coast of Alaska is the result of the warm Japanese current? Not much, true, but it makes it a little easier for our bombers and fighters to return the compliment and put a little heat on Hirohito.

FEARS repeatedly expressed during the past months that private banking was seriously threatened by the war-lending program of the Federal Government appear to be without much foundation. Despite the activities of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and its subsidiaries, the gross earnings of insured commercial banks for 1941 exceeded by a wide margin those of 1940, and are the highest since 1933. According to a report of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, gross earnings for 1941 were \$1,730,000,000, almost \$100,000,000

above those of the previous year. Notwithstanding higher costs and increased taxes, net earnings were also up, to the tune of \$28,000,000. The cause of these increased profits, as analyzed by the F.D.I.P., is the sharp jump in income from loans. In other words, despite Jesse Jones and the pessimistic talk in banking circles, the nation's private banks are handling a considerable part of our huge war-financing program. Indeed, now that the Federal Reserve Banks are guaranteeing loans made to enable small manufacturers to participate in the war effort, they will probably handle a larger volume of loans in 1942 than they did in the prosperous year just past. From all this we conclude that it is a bit premature to mourn the impending disappearance of private, commercial banking in the United States.

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UNTIMELY was the loss sustained by Church and country in the death on June 9 of the Most Rev. Joseph M. Corrigan, Rector of the Catholic University of America. During the five and one half years of his Rectorate, Bishop Corrigan increased a hundredfold the already wide circle of his friends, and brought to a high and difficult task the gifts of a genial, spiritual personality and a shrewdly analytical mind. He was enabled, too, to carry out on a wider plane the ideas he had always cherished for the thorough and effective training of the younger clergy. Bishop Corrigan's sure grasp in the field of ethics came to his service in the task he set for himself and his University colleagues: that of interpreting American democracy in the terms of Christianity. May his work go on with redoubled force, even though it is deprived of his personal leadership. May it still be guided by his logical, uncompromising and truly Christlike spirit.

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PROVINCETOWN'S town crier will cry no more. His office has been discontinued, and so, we slough off another of those old hold-overs of European life. But, at the same time, we are taking on other phases of life that were Europe's exclusive domain until these latter days of global war. Diamond cutting will now be taught in the New York schools, for Bedlam-on-the-Subway now bids fair to be the diamond center of the world. And three famous milliners are going to pool their "creations," in the hope of supplanting Paris in covering the feminine locks of the world. These are small straws in a big wind that is blowing us more and more surely into collaboration with Europe after the war. It has been said, and is probably true, that this will be largely an American peace. What a responsibility that entails! It means the living up to good citizenship at home first, before trying to clean house for the citizens of the world. It means living up to the Christian morals on which our Republic was founded. Only then will we be worthy of a deciding place at the peace table. Final victory at arms is only a cessation of war; peace means principles, and the only ones thinkable for the salvation of our sorry world are Christ's.

THE WAR. A strong United States naval force joined the British Home Fleet to cooperate with the British in blockade, convoy and patrol work. . . . Congress voted fifty dollars a month as base pay for the Army and Navy and added increases for higher grades up to the rank of second lieutenant and ensign. . . . President Roosevelt requested Congress for a 1943 Army appropriation of \$39,-417,827,337, the largest in history. . . . The destroyer *Taylor* was launched. . . . Declaring that this Government has received authoritative reports that the Japanese are using poison gas in China, President Roosevelt warned the Tokyo Government that the United States would retaliate in kind "if Japan persists in this inhuman form of warfare against China or against any other of the United Nations." . . . The U.S.S. *Cythera*, a small naval patrol vessel was reported overdue in the Atlantic area and presumed lost. . . . Three American merchantmen were sunk by enemy submarines in the Caribbean area. One American vessel was destroyed on the West Coast. . . . Two British ships were torpedoed in the Caribbean, one in the Atlantic. . . . Shell fire from a submarine sank two fishing boats off New England. . . . Two Brazilian ships went to the bottom off South America, and two Norwegian vessels were sunk, one in the Caribbean, one in the Atlantic. . . . A Senate group, after hearing Secretary Knox, stated that enemy submarines cannot now operate within fifty miles of our coast because of Navy anti-submarine measures. . . . Heavy United States Army bombers raided Lashio, Burma, hit planes on the ground. Because of a monsoon, four of the United States planes were lost on the return trip. An air raid on Rangoon resulted in the destruction of two Japanese planes, with one of our own failing to return. . . . General MacArthur's air forces attacked Rabaul, New Britain, three times, scored a direct hit on three Japanese bombers, smashed at wharves, installations. . . . Timor was attacked twice, and large fires started. . . . In two raids on Lae and Salamau, New Guinea, fourteen Nipponese planes were shot down or damaged in combat. Two Allied planes failed to return. . . . Enemy submarines shelled Sydney and Newcastle, Australia, but effected little damage. . . . Allied planes sank seven Japanese submarines. . . . Commenting on Japanese claims to have occupied portions of the Aleutian Islands, a United States Navy spokesman in Washington declared that no inhabited point had "uninvited visitors." . . . The all-out Japanese attempt to capture Midway Islands was repulsed with heavy loss to the enemy. The Japanese force defeated in this major air-and-naval battle consisted of more than thirty warships. Reports thus far received showed two, perhaps three, Japanese aircraft carriers and one destroyer sunk; three battleships, two carriers, four, perhaps six, cruisers, three transports damaged. One American destroyer was lost, one carrier damaged. . . . Vyacheslaff M. Molotoff, Soviet Foreign Commissar, made a secret trip to London and Washington. The United States and Russia reached an understanding concerning the urgency of a second European 1942 front.

WHAT a contrast between melancholy rumors concerning the Holy Father and the fine note of hope that was sounded in his discourse on June 2 to twenty-two members of the Sacred College of Cardinals! The Holy Father was responding to greetings which the Cardinals extended to him on his name day: "Innumerable hearts which have listened to other voices and followed other ideals or rather false idols" will turn to the Church of God on that day, His Holiness said, "whilst fatuous fires of false prophets will lie spent." Even in this terrible hour the Pope has noticed a widespread turning to the Rock which is Peter's See. "These are promising signs," he said, "a victory over the tempest."

THERE is a little homely detail in this news release of the Pope's address that may mean more than appears on first sight. It says that "on Sunday, June 7, 5,000 of the poor of Rome were to be given dinner in the refectories of St. Peter's Society." This would mean that some relaxation has been made in the painful restriction which has prevented, according to reports, the Vatican City from being allowed to share its food supplies with the poor of Rome. According to reports, they are suffering extremely from the current food shortage.

PASSING of the *Daily Tribune*, Catholic publication of Dubuque, Iowa, cannot be recorded without an expression of sincere regret and of congratulations for the Gonner family who were the *Tribune's* founders and perpetuators through all its life save for a period of a few years. The *Tribune* was founded as a weekly by Nicholas Gonner, Sr., in August, 1871. For a great part of its existence the paper had the distinction of being the sole English language Catholic daily in the United States. With the tremendous expansion of the daily press in the great organizations, financial as well as journalistic, the possibility of an outstanding Catholic daily has receded more and more into the field of pure conjecture. The memory of the *Tribune*, however, will persist, and of its courageous and intelligent stand on many of the religious and social problems of the day.

STUDY of articles indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature has led Hornell Hart, professor of sociology at Duke University, to assert that discussion of religion in American magazines has sunk during the past ten years to the lowest point in the present century. He writes in the May issue of the *American Journal of Sociology*. During the Depression religious discussions on ethics and social ethics increased eight-fold, but in 1941 they dropped to only twice their 1929 level. Entries on missions and allied topics dropped from 222 per 100,000 in 1933 to 47 in 1941.

PROTESTS uttered by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michael J. Ready, General Secretary of the N.C.W.C., against the objectionable Treasury Department tax proposals appear to have been efficacious. The pro-

posals were voted down by the Committee on Ways and Means of the House of Representatives in its consideration of the new tax bill. A nation-wide wave of protest, according to the N.C.W.C. News Service, swelled up against the Treasury's proposals. Representatives of various religious beliefs and charitable institutions of all kinds and of non-tax-supported schools called attention to the dangers to religious charities and schools inherent in the tax suggestions. One more example of the practical wisdom of immediate protest against objectionable legislation.

BY recent Decree of the Holy See, the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart, a Community of missionary Sisters, are now established as a religious Congregation with Papal approval for their Institute. Word of the Pontifical approbation of the Institute and of its Constitutions was received from Rome by the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore and Washington. Founded in Baltimore in 1890, the Mission Helpers of the Sacred Heart now have fourteen convents scattered throughout two archdioceses, Baltimore and New York, and five dioceses: Trenton, Pittsburgh and Brooklyn in the United States, and San Juan and Ponce in Puerto Rico. The aim of these missionary Sisters is the extension of the Kingdom of the Sacred Heart through religious instruction. This is carried on chiefly in classes for Catholic pupils of public grade and high schools, in census taking and in parish visiting.

FOR the first time since 1933 students were graduated on May 29 from the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, community and secondary school for Negroes, under the direction of the Rev. Horace B. McKenna, S.J., Pastor of Ridge, Maryland, and Nathan A. Pitts, Principal. Paramount interest of Father McKenna and Mr. Pitts is to preserve the land for the rural Negroes in Southern Maryland. In recent years it has become increasingly difficult for these people, who are part of our oldest American Catholic rural community, to retain their property, some of which has been held by them for generations, and still more difficult to acquire new land when dispossessed from the old. Father McKenna's main reliance in this respect is upon education, the establishment of cooperative groups, and collaboration with the Federal Security Administration.

DISCUSSING "holy" cards, calendars and pictures for religious circulation a vigorous plea is made in the May *Liturgical Arts* for thoroughly artistic lettering instead of the sloppy, careless productions that are all too common. Writes Oscar Ogg: "To arrive at fine writing the artist must be primarily concerned with three fundamental virtues: *legibility* is the first, *character* and *beauty* are the other two. Together they combine to fill the general demand of *fitness* for a given use." "A truly inspired lettering," says Mr. Ogg, "is appropriate for the truly inspired message of the Church." Tastes will always differ, but at least these matters should not be left to mere routine and chance.

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT MEDICINE SUPPLANTS SNAKE-OIL QUACKS

FRANCIS J. BRACELAND, M.D.

WEEK by week, the epidemic of medical and psychiatric articles in the lay press seems to spread. Sandwiched between works of various prophets and soothsayers, who have advance knowledge of the intentions of warring generals and dictators, are found descriptions of "wonder drugs," vitamins, "magic bullets," positive cures for insanity and other medical miracles. A current issue of one widely read magazine has three such articles, all written by laymen and all melodramatic. If there is a temporary shortage of "medical marvels," then you may find an article about a quick and painless method of losing an inferiority complex, or a "sure fire" diet. Just like that, a short cut, no effort; simply follow directions and become either a potent personality, or a sylph who can disport in diaphanous robes.

That many of these articles are filled with misinformation seems to matter little; they are apparently in demand and are regarded as "good copy." Before me, at the present moment, is a reputable magazine in which a lay writer assures unfortunate readers that they can be cured of one of the venereal diseases simply by swallowing a few tablets of a new "sulfo" drug a few times a day for several days. Not only is this a gross exaggeration, but the social, moral and medical implications are at once apparent.

Among other things, it is an invitation to dangerous self-medication. Toward the end of the article, the author states: "the drug is safe when administered by a physician," but this is simply a sop—the drug is named and its curative value so guaranteed that the individual would naturally wonder why it is necessary to consult a physician at all.

As a matter of fact, the new "sulfo" drugs cannot be taken with impunity. Their administration requires expert medical supervision. Like all drugs, there are secondary reactions to be considered. Yet the aura of authority which surrounds this particular writer, and the medium in which he writes, will doubtless lead some people to attempt self-medication—to their sorrow.

The writer has seen three instances in which patients who were medicating themselves with these new compounds suffered from a toxic mental disease as a direct result. True enough, it was a temporary affair and all three were better after seventy-two hours, but during the acute phase of the illness, anything could have happened.

A short time ago, the drug in the limelight was

a compound which acted as a stimulant, and which newspaper and magazine writers immediately dubbed, "pep pills." This product was supposedly endowed with the ability to keep one alert and unhampered by fatigue, so it immediately became a favorite with the "hangover set." To the dismay of physicians and educators, it was found that students were using it as an adjunct to "cramming" before examinations. As in the case of the other "wonder drug" just mentioned, the doctors saw some unpleasant consequences due to this unwise indulgence, for when the student was through with the need for the drug, the drug was not always through with him.

The human frame can only stand so much, and any attempt to drive it beyond certain limits is fraught with danger. Older clinicians compare this artificial stimulation to the whipping of a tired horse. The publicity given this medicament was for the most part responsible for its widespread use. Like the "sulfo" drugs, it has an important place in medicine, but any indiscriminate use can only bring it into disfavor.

In the field of vitamin therapy, the feature writers have a veritable field day, and usually the reader gets the idea that the only thing necessary to bring him health, wealth and happiness is that he be properly "vitaminized." At the risk of being facetious, we would call this a "vitaminomania," and it bids fair to become a national delusion.

At present, our foodstuffs and delicacies are being fortified by the addition of vitamins; the butcher, the baker, the cough-drop maker, all have succumbed. All of this is being done in spite of reports from the University of California showing that the one-sided addition of vitamin B₁ to the basic diet of dogs did not help the animals in any way, but instead, destroyed their nutritional balance. We have yet to read one of these articles in the lay press which informs the public that vitamin B₁ can only be stored in small quantities in our organism, and that the surplus is rapidly excreted—yet this is an uncontested fact.

Vitamins are important adjuvants but they are not foodstuffs; they are indispensable in the utilization of fats, proteins and carbohydrates, but they can never replace them. The best guarantee for good health and "good nerves" is still the properly balanced diet.

Thus does the medicine man of old lay aside his guitar and his supply of snake oil. Now, he buys a

supply of vitamins, secures time on the radio, and has a "ghost writer" to grow lyrical about his wares in the lay press.

Due, no doubt, to the rapid strides made in psychiatry in the last few years, this branch of medicine has been especially singled out by scribes, capable and incapable. Reports of new methods of treatment are seized upon and colorful descriptions of the return of patients to sanity are written up as though they were a series of hair-raising escapes.

These authors very probably mean well but they have no idea of the far-reaching effects of their writings. There are many people who implicitly believe everything they read, and, not infrequently, this is the sequence of events: a few days after the article appears, psychiatrists, particularly those who are directors of mental hospitals, receive numerous communications calling their attention to the "new cure." Usually the clipping is enclosed. A positive cure is promised by the author, and the family or friends desire their loved ones to have the benefit of it. No matter if the patient concerned is deteriorated, debilitated, or hopelessly ill; no matter if the therapy in question is drastic and of unproven value; the paper said it cured mental disease so please hurry and cure the patient.

As an administrator in a well-known mental hospital, the writer recalls several instances in which his refusal to yield to this pressure resulted in the premature and ill-advised removal of the patient. Needless to say, they usually came back sadder, wiser and poorer.

The last decade has seen the advent of the various shock therapies in the treatment of insanity: insulin, metrazol, electric shock, and lately that form of brain surgery known technically as lobotomy, and popularly called "psycho-surgery." Each of these forms of treatment has a very definite place in the treatment of mental disease, but none of them should be entered into lightly. They are all serious and drastic forms of treatment and are only to be used in selected cases under safeguards.

What is the actual status of the treatment of mental illness at the present time? The outlook is definitely much better than it was a decade ago, especially in the so-called functional mental diseases, that is, those in which there is no demonstrable organic brain damage—such as, schizophrenia (*dementia praecox*) and the various depressive states.

As yet, no specific cause for these diseases has been found, but enough is known about their manifestations not only to provide satisfactory prophylaxis against them, but also to have a fair measure of treatment for them.

Before the introduction of the shock therapies, approximately eleven to fifteen per cent of the *dementia praecox* patients recovered spontaneously and were able to adjust to life at a somewhat lower psychological level.

Today, by means of insulin treatment in expert hands, the recovery rate in patients who have been ill less than one year is forty per cent. Also, nearly all of the insulin treated patients who recover leave the hospital within one month after treatment is

completed, whereas the untreated patients who recover usually must wait for one to three years.

Electric shock therapy is a great boon in the treatment of emotional depressions and by its judicious use the duration of these illnesses is materially shortened. But it is certainly not a panacea for all mental ills. Brain surgery as a form of treatment in mental disease is still in the experimental stage and is used only as a last resort. Little more can be said in its favor at the present time.

Now, obviously, these improvements in treatment are steps in the right direction; but there is still much work to be done. To dramatize them and to set them forth as sure cures is a form of specious cruelty. It should be noted that these claims are not made by physicians or the scientists who are working on these problems. But just as soon as these physicians put out a cautious preliminary report of their work in a scientific journal, it is appropriated by a lay interpreter and "jazzed up" for public consumption.

We recall sadly that several times relatives of mental patients were so impressed that they drew out all of their meager savings and insisted on having the treatment tried on deteriorated, "backward" patients, who had been hopelessly ill for years. It is distressing to see these poor people sell their properties and squander the funds on a cause which is hopeless from the outset.

The net result of all of this publicity would seem to be the nurturing of a national neurosis. No one can possibly object to sincere efforts to acquaint the public with the advances in medical science, but there is no excuse for the generalizations and exaggerations which appear in the lay press today.

It is a well known fact that medical students frequently imagine themselves to be suffering from diseases about which they are studying. If this be true of a selected group of trained men, what must be the effect of these diatribes upon the general public? We cannot definitely prove that these articles actually cause neuroses but we can prove that they tend to exaggerate existing neuroses.

This form of literature has an unhealthy reaction upon people in general; it calls their attention to things which they only vaguely understand and which they easily misinterpret. The belief that this type of writing emphasizes the importance of the early detection of disease in the mind of the public is fallacious. No good purpose can be served by the dissemination of false and misleading information.

Some people who read articles begin to question the intelligence of their physician even though he may be recognized by his confrères as an authority on the subject in question. They have read something about it in a magazine and, therefore, they have become experts, too. It is no longer necessary to have a "doctor book" on the kitchen shelf—just buy a magazine at the corner newsstand.

Even as I finish this dissertation, my secretary tells me that there is a man waiting in the library to see me. He has a new cure for mental disease which he will sell to the doctors. He cannot write it down and send it to me—some one might steal his ideas. Excuse me.

TODAY'S WORLD IS THE PRODUCT OF A FALSE "RELIGION OF MAN"

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

A FEW days ago there came to hand Bulletin No. 44 of the "Sword of the Spirit" movement (of which Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, is the founder) containing lengthy extracts from an article in *The Freethinker* on "The Collapse of Organized Religion." The Bulletin recommends its readers to study it, as an example of how the non-Church-going public looks at Christians today.

And that public is very large. It is an interesting exhibit for, as the Bulletin says, while as a rule the *Freethinker* has nothing but scorn and gibes for organized religion, this particular article is "thoughtful, objective and shrewd" and with "few extravagances." Some of its points are worth the attention of American readers. It is always profitable to know what our opponents have to say about us especially when it is said in decent English, and said with evident sincerity and with a reasonable modicum of intelligence.

RUINED ROME AND EMPTY CANTERBURY

The war has, in the *Freethinker's* view, "brought out the weaknesses of organized religion. Ecclesiastical zealots trumpet the collapse of a secular civilization. It is commonly urged that culture must discover anew roots in the religious background of society." But no one seems to heed, church attendance is declining and people are indifferent to the call for special Days of Prayer. "The atmosphere created is scarcely above the level of sympathetic magic." The churches have no appreciable hold on the people and have produced no "big appealing personality as an outcome of the war" such as Dr. Orchard and "Woodbine Willie" exemplified in the last war. Organized religion is uncertain of itself. "Ecclesiasticism was once a potent force in the making of Western Europe; now it counts for little or nothing."

Even if civilization is over-secularized, the *Freethinker* continues, no revival of orthodox creeds is at all likely. The Papacy's "wavering hold" exists only by virtue of "a concordat with Mussolini, an advocacy of Franco and an uneasy acceptance of Hitler. Canterbury means nothing. . . ." A few churchmen are trying to bring religion and society together, but only either by means of "the totalitarian aims of Catholicism" or by inept pleas for economic Socialism, and the public is interested in neither. "Organized Christianity has collapsed"; it has made no difference to the war mentality, its

followers have no higher standard of conduct than has the ordinary decent citizen.

It has, furthermore, no answer to the difficulties of modern man which are concerned with his struggle for existence. He vainly seeks "some stimulus and guidance in his intellectual questionings." He wants assistance in relating his life to moral principles, and the orthodox creeds do not help him. Moreover, they are socially reactionary besides being obsolete. Protestant morality is quite at home in a capitalist society. The maxims of Jesus, suitable to a quiet agricultural community, "are necessarily unsuited to the highly complex environment of any modern state," and require "restatement," and so forth.

WHAT HAS COLLAPSED?

Passing the solitary, and manifestly ignorant, reference to the Holy Father and the grotesquely inappropriate adjective "totalitarian" as applied to Catholic "aims," the *Freethinker's* indictment of "organized Religion" (as seen in Great Britain) contains much painful truth for us, for it is almost as applicable to the American scene as it is to the British. But for us Catholics the visible facts spell not a "collapse" of religion but rather an "apostasy" from religion, which is a vastly different thing.

There is, indeed, a "collapse" of a very complete kind, and it might even be called a collapse of "religion" but the "religion" which has collapsed is not a real religion of God, but a pseudo-"religion of man." For the one conspicuous fact of the past five centuries is the turning away of the modern world's thinking from God to man as the real "Master of things," and the real "god" of the cosmos.

MEN WITHOUT GODS

There was the great "apostasy," of which we are now reaping the consequences. The *Freethinker's* admission that the Christian religion—it calls it "Ecclesiasticism"—was "once a potent force in the making of Western Europe" significantly fits Chesterton's remark that it is not that Christianity has been tried and has failed, but rather that it was tried, found too difficult and abandoned. In its place men sought to establish the religion of man. It is that "religion" which has been tried and found wanting.

Probably few people realize that this change in

men's thinking is an entirely new thing in human experience. Never before in history is there to be found record of a civilization which was not vitalized by some form of belief in the existence of unseen "Powers" to which man was intimately related, and to which he owed reverence and obedience. Every civilization previous to our own had, as the late Father Bull, S.J., remarked, a creed, a cult and a code—that is, a religion. Never before our time did man deliberately and formally cut himself adrift from all notions of "a Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness" and put himself in Its place.

This nineteenth-century man did, and did it with open eyes. He did it in the name of Liberty, of Progress, of Enlightenment, and it has landed him in political slavery, in material poverty and in mental chaos, and this at the very time when his powers to make over the world of "things" to suit his needs, his comforts and his pleasures were at the peak. No such "collapse" has ever before occurred in human experience.

DEBACLE AND DILEMMA

The net result is that man now faces an appalling dilemma: he finds himself involved in a war which threatens to destroy civilization itself and he is unable to make a peace. As Joseph de Maistre put it more than a century ago, man said to his Creator in so many words that the world was his and he would run it to suit himself, and God said: "Very well!" The world of today is the product.

It is an ironical situation. The United Nations are fighting for "democracy" against "dictatorship," for "freedom" against "totalitarianism." But "democracy" without God, is and must be totalitarian. In the "City of Man," the majority is absolute ruler; there is nothing to limit its powers. It is mass-rule; mass-rule inevitably means dictatorship at the end of the road, and mass-dictatorship is the worst of all forms of tyranny.

Nor is this all. A religion of man can tolerate no rival, and must rule the consciences of men with force at its back. If anyone doubts this, all he has to do is to look at pages 80-85 of that monstrous abortion *The City of Man*, published in 1941 by seventeen of our most well-known "intellectuals"—a truly astounding production, which has not received the attention it deserves. The gist of the matter is that when we erect an altar to man, his worship must take the form of human sacrifice more complete than ever was offered to the worst of the idols of antiquity, for it must be sacrifice of the things which make man *man* and not merely of his bodily life.

DEHUMANIZED MAN

The modern "religion of man" is nothing short of a "religion of dehumanization." It has already forced man to undo the very deeds on which he has most prided himself. It has made a huge concentration camp out of the greater part of Europe and shrouded it in silence and darkness; it has forced countless multitudes of men to work under conditions differing little from those of old Rome's

ergastula; it has burned books, closed schools, universities and churches, forced children to spy upon their parents, turned courts of law into temples of injustice. That is what it has done on one side of the world-conflict.

On the other side there are massed the forces which are fighting for the human decencies of life thus destroyed, but with little faith left in the root-truths in which those decencies had their origin and on which they depend for their existence. Their *labarum* still lacks the indispensable *signum* upon which ultimate victory depends. Victory for man can follow only when the fight is made in the name of God.

It seems to me that we Catholics alone can fully understand the phenomenon of the modern world in its causes, and that the key to its understanding lies in one simple fact—*sin*. That fact brings the whole picture into complete perspective and meaning. The "religion of man" has no place in it for sin, for man cannot sin against man; he can sin only against God. A world unconscious of sin can be nothing but a world of force.

It would not be so bad, perhaps, if man were purely animal and governed wholly by instinct, for animal instincts keep a certain order and balance in the animal kingdom. But man is not purely animal and the very things which set him apart from all other living things must work to his destruction when he cuts himself off from their Source and turns away from the end for which he was endowed with them. Whoever believes in God and recognizes the fact of sin can to that extent understand what is the matter; no one else can—so, at least it seems to me.

FAITH AND CHRISTIAN OPTIMISM

In that we have good grounds for belief that a great turning point in human civilization is already here, in the complete and visible collapse, not of "organized religion" as the *Freethinker* supposes, but of the *Freethinker's* own "creed," and of the whole nineteenth-century gallimaufry of philosophies. Having denied God in religion, reason and reality in philosophy, personality in man, and standards in morality, there is nothing left to deny—as Gilson has said. Order in human relations has consequently disappeared.

The wheel has come full turn. Not in at least five centuries have our Faith and our philosophy been so plainly "reasonable," so powerfully attractive to the really robust intelligence as they are today. Of all people in the world, we can be optimistic, and that, not only on grounds of our Faith alone, but on grounds of mere reason applied to the visible facts.

Man has had his way with the world, and it has crashed around him as a century ago we told him it would. The *Syllabus* of 1864 and its supporting documents have come into their own and with a vengeance! So have Donoso Cortes, de Maistre, De Tocqueville, Chateaubriand, Hello, Lacordaire, Newman and many others of those days. It was a time of special clairvoyance in the Church, and in the hands of a scholar would make a fascinating story. Who will tell it for us?

WHIPPED-UP WAR HATRED BREEDS UGLY POST-WAR FRANKENSTEIN

COURTENAY SAVAGE

ONE of the most unfortunate doctrines that can be preached is hate. Yet, when Arch Obler, author of the current radio series *Plays for Americans*, pleaded, with those who crowded a general session of the Thirteenth Institute for Education by Radio, for the injection of hatred into programs, he was greeted with applause.

Almost immediately, however, there was a reaction. Speakers, nearly always from the floor, began to caution against any emotional radio writing that might rouse too great a passion, and finally the chairman of the session invited Stephen Fry, of the British Broadcasting Corporation, to comment on Mr. Obler's plea.

Mr. Fry seemed glad of the opportunity. He was positive in his assertion that hatred is a dangerous policy if directed against a people, rather than an ideal, and said that in London, even after the most destructive raids, the average Englishman bore no personal grudge.

"With hate you cannot avoid a hateful harvest," Mr. Fry commented as he closed, and again there was applause, but this time it was heartfelt, far from hysterical.

There is more than good philosophy in Mr. Fry's comment; there is history. Those who can remember the first World War must have memories of the unfortunate aftermath of the enmity that was preached at that time. For a long time the witches' cauldron bubbled.

President Wilson called for a war without hate, and his hope was for a liberation of all people, the German people included. More than once Mr. Wilson emphasized that it was the German military machine that we were fighting, not the individual. Unfortunately, the average man did not seem to be able to differentiate between the Kaiser and his subjects. When, in newspapers, motion picture shows and on the stage, we heard reference to the "Huns," we thought of the men and women, not of a political ideology.

Hatred grew, fanned by a sensational press that felt it was being patriotic, fanned, too, by leaders who were called on to speak at Liberty Loan Drives. Even from the pulpits there were scathing expressions of ill-will. "The Beast of Berlin," and "Werewolf of Potsdam," "To Hell with the Kaiser" were catchwords. German soldiers were branded as cowards, and stories of their atrocities were magnified to the point where we pictured the Teutonic nation as a mass of fiendish men and women in-

capable of a charitable instinct even among themselves. Spy hysteria flamed.

There is no denying that war is hell, and that the Germans were guilty of inhuman practices. They still are, as witness their treatment of the captured people of Poland and their savagery in Rotterdam. But can such actions be best overcome by hysteria?

James Truslow Adams has written that "under modern conditions of warfare, hate becomes almost as essential as ammunition, and hate is manufactured."

That is right and fitting as long as the malice is not directed by man against man. Certainly we must loathe any civilization, any ideal, that fosters cruelty and openly denies God. The Nazi leaders, however, must not be confused with God-fearing people now denied the privilege of free worship and thinking.

We hated violently in the last war, and on the day the Armistice was signed the celebration did not take the form of thanksgiving, but of definitely triumphant hatred for the vanquished. "Closed for the Kaiser's Funeral" was a sign seen in hundreds of shop windows, and effigies of the Kaiser were kicked and burned. Coffins supposed to carry the deposed Emperor's body were carried on the shoulders of the screaming crowd.

The hysterical hatred that had been instilled in the hearts of Americans during the months we were at war did not die away with the laying down of arms. For most people, the conflict did not end on that November day. There were still war-time regulations and deprivations. Men were away from home, many of the troops did not return for six, eight, or twelve months later, so the feeling of war was still in the air.

Americans stopped saying "To Hell with the Kaiser," but the creed of aversion had been too deeply ingrained for it to be dismissed in a day. And a large portion of our population expressed that hatred through intolerance for the beliefs and ideals of fellow Americans. As one writer has expressed it, "emotions of group loyalty and hatred, expanded during war-time; and then suddenly denied their intended expression, found a perverted release in the persecution, not only of supposed radicals but also of other elements which to the dominant American groups seemed alien, or 'un-American.'"

Negro, Jew, Catholic and alien-born suffered

from the back-wash of ill-feeling and racial prejudice.

We had licked the Germans, now we began to hate at home.

The times were definitely out of joint, and by 1919 there were exhibitions of violence throughout the nation. Taking advantage of what necessarily had to be a period of economic adjustment, radical groups added to the unrest by constant criticism of the Government. France, which had been our ally, was attacked; so, to a lesser extent, was Britain. There were strikes; buyers' strikes, rent strikes, transportation strikes. Infernal machines were addressed to public officials and class conflict was brought into the open. Race riots between Negroes and whites occurred in many parts of the country, one of the more serious taking place in Washington, D. C.

An outstanding manifestation of all this was the rebirth of the Ku Klux Klan. It had existed as a small, unimportant organization until 1920. Then, because of the national mood, it began to grow in numbers and power. The same unfortunate quartet, Negroes, Jews, Catholics and alien-born, were considered legitimate prey, and it was years before the hate personified by the white sheet and flaming cross smoldered away.

Hatred, revenge, sat at the peace table, and we are reaping the harvest today. The one great thought of most of the peace-makers was the dividing of the spoils.

Those Americans who worked in Germany during the end of the twenties and early thirties saw the ugly harvest that had been sown at Versailles. Young men who had been boys of thirteen or fourteen when the war started had reached thirty. Following the normal course of life they had married, had a child or two. They were willing to work hard so as to earn petty luxuries for themselves and their families, but all that increased income brought them was the privilege of paying a higher tax so as to help pay off Germany's debt to the victorious Allies.

Few people are capable of thinking for themselves, so the young men and women of Germany who found a personal inconvenience in the economic state of their country, readily believed a leader who told them that they could be free if they learned to hate the Versailles Treaty and the Jews. As a matter of fact, the average young German would have followed a cross-eyed traveler from Mars if he had promised them better times.

Hitler preached hate, but he could never have become a world menace if the peace-makers had stopped to remember that underprivileged people always rise. In the old days, when the world was less mechanized and communications were slow, it took many generations. In our day it required two decades.

In this country, an unfortunate result of manifestations of hate during the early 1920's was a swing to complacent pacifism. Hate, so the educators taught the young men and women, had been manufactured by a small group largely for their personal gain. Under this doctrine the pendulum

was allowed to swing too far, and we were not emotionally or physically prepared even to defend ourselves.

Fortunately there does not seem to be any great national hate for the individual people of the Axis in the present war. Even the Japanese seem to be hated only for the pagan ideology which they represent.

Traveling about the country, talking to men in uniform on trains, in restaurants, in the club houses which the National Catholic Community Service is running for the U.S.O., or talking to civilians, one senses a bitter aversion to totalitarian ideals of Fascism and Nazism, rather than to the people who have been subjugated by these corrosive and cruel ideals.

"Hate breaks down morale," said an officer who sat across from me in a sleeping car from New Orleans.

"I hope the war will soon be over. I would like to go to Germany and teach the people how to sing and laugh again" was the comment of an internationally famous concert artist who was forced to seek refuge in this country after having been driven from Germany and Italy.

"If you ask me," said another officer, and he had worked in Europe, "I feel that instead of preaching hate we need to instruct the people as to why the war is being fought. Those who hate Fascism most are those who understand it best. The average man is not clear as to the ideals that have to be overcome, and we won't win the war until he is."

"I have seen no personal hate, only a restless anxiety to get into action and wipe out the false principles that have been taught the Axis people," was the statement of a woman in charge of an N.C.C.S. club in the Canal Zone where she had met many servicemen.

Mr. Roosevelt has never preached hate, only a desire for a victorious peace which would restore the four freedoms to the world.

Matthew Arnold wrote:

Peace, peace is what I seek and public calm,
Endless extinction of unhappy hates.

Substitute "we" for "I" and the lines are a prayer from us all.

In our radio programs, as in all our thinking, the spiritual, the intellectual, must balance the emotional. When Monsignor Flanagan—Father Flanagan of Boys Town—addressed the Ohio Radio meeting he warned: "We must not permit ourselves to be smeared with the same moral filth we are criticizing in our enemies."

Another interesting reaction to Mr. Obler's plea was a recommendation offered by Dr. Fred Eastman of the Chicago Theological Seminary that "religious broadcasts in war time, as well as in peace time, should not only avoid stirring up hatred against human beings of any race, nation or creed, but should seek to contribute to the understanding and good-will which are basic to a just and durable peace among the peoples of the world."

Then, too, there is a command spoken more than nineteen hundred years ago—"Love thy neighbor as thyself."

A PROGRAM FOR THE OFF HOURS OF MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES

JOHN A. De CHANT

IN THIS man's war, it takes the courage of Christ to charge that last step. Any of our troops can tell you that.

And it is because Christ and courage are inseparable in their actions and ideals that this, for us, is not just a war of fox-holes, subs and bombers.

America knows that her soldiers, sailors and marines are not marching Frankensteins in a juggernaut of war. Beyond all else, our men in uniform are human beings created by God with a love for their country, their homes and their families—and must be treated as such.

Fully cognizant of this, the American program for victory is predicated on the understanding that, to win this war, the minds, hearts and souls of our fighting men must have in them even greater armored strength than the weapons they carry into battle.

The U.S.O., as has been pointed out, is the civilian agency entrusted with this task. How the U.S.O., and more specifically the National Catholic Community Service, as a member agency, carries on its work of morale-building in cooperation with the Chaplains and morale officers of the services is a story that is as complex and yet as intricately integrated as the countless parts that go into the making of a giant flying fortress.

Behind the extremely varied but closely knit program of the N.C.C.S. is a philosophy rooted deep in the great social and moral traditions of the Catholic Church. The N.C.C.S. could never be successful in its program and operation if it were not built firmly on the concrete of Christianity and democracy.

But since it is, the N.C.C.S. is doing its part successfully to preserve for and bring to the men in uniform the moral and spiritual values of Christian democratic ideals and freedoms.

One of the paradoxes of the war is that, to defend their homes, the men must leave them. It is the task of the N.C.C.S. and the other member agencies of the U.S.O. to bridge that gap between home and military life, wherever it may lead the man in uniform. That is why the motivating force behind the entire philosophy and program of the N.C.C.S. is to provide service men with "A home away from home."

In so doing, the N.C.C.S. makes every attempt to surround the service man with all the vital influences which will preserve both his spiritual and physical well-being while he is serving his country.

Nor does it stop there. If it did, the program would fall short of its goal by being just a finger-in-the-dyke.

Greater in scope than this, the *modus operandi* of the N.C.C.S. is to keep morale high at all times and to range far beyond this in developing leisure-time habits and activities that will eventually return the service man to his community better equipped spiritually, mentally and physically for having served both God and country.

Although all U.S.O. clubs are operated for service men regardless of race, creed or color, the clubs operated by the National Catholic Community Service render special services in the religious field to the Catholic men in uniform, to supplement the more extensive program of the Chaplains.

To this end, the N.C.C.S. in its 181 U.S.O. operations, maintains a close relationship with the local clergy and with the military and naval Chaplains and serves as a medium for the distribution of religious literature and articles. Countless thousands of prayer books, missals, religious books, pamphlets, newspapers and magazines have been supplied direct to the service men in N.C.C.S. clubs.

Concerned with the spiritual phase of N.C.C.S. club activities is the priest-moderator who serves in a volunteer capacity as guide, counselor and friend to all who turn to him for aid in their personal and spiritual problems. It is his work to assist in the preservation of the spiritual ideals and moral principles which are the backbone of individual as well as national morale.

In the recreational, educational and entertainment aspects of the program in its U.S.O. clubs, the National Catholic Community Service employs all the traditional leisure-time diversions in addition to incorporating the newer activities of leisure peculiar to our own day—radio, motion pictures, photography, audio-visual education and film forums.

Most popular of N.C.C.S. contributions in the modern manner is the "Star Spangled Network" with its several diversified phases of entertainment and communication. Under the network, wired radio stations are set up in N.C.C.S. clubs to send directly to the men in the nearby camp regular radio programs which are devised and operated by the service men themselves.

The recording machines in the clubs give the men in uniform an opportunity to make a "letter on a record" which is mailed to the folks back home in lieu of a written letter. Records of this

type can be played as many as 100 times on the family phonograph. The mobile units of the "Star Spangled Network" rove the camps and naval stations throughout the country to permit soldiers and sailors to participate in regular fifteen-minute transcribed radio programs called "We're Home Again." These programs are then sent back to the boys' home towns to be played over the local radio station.

Men who are interested in photography make use of the N.C.C.S. club facilities which include still and motion picture cameras as well as a completely equipped dark room for developing and printing.

For those service men who have an aptitude or a desire to work on handicraft hobbies, the clubs have "Do-It-Yourself Studios" which are completely equipped workshops for wood, metal and leather craft, radio work and plastic products.

Those so inclined are welcome to take free drawing and painting instructions in the regular art class or perhaps they prefer to take Spanish lessons, to hold the floor in a discussion club forum on world politics, or to play the lead in the theatre group organized at the club.

All these diversions are reasons why the N.C.C.S.-operated club is far more to the service man than a roof over a ping pong table or a place where he can flop in an easy chair.

But simple pleasures and recreations as fundamental as the easy chair, the ping pong table and the sleeping quarters at the "Home Away from Home" are not overlooked because they are the tremendous trifles which, along with the shower room, the shaving equipment and the snack bar, go into the making of a real home.

And if Private John Yank or Seaman Joe Sailor has a yen to sit down at a family table once again or spend the weekend in a friendly civilian home, all he has to do is ask the club director to put him on the list for "home hospitality"—and he gets just that from the families in the community near the camp. The men like this special type of community hospitality because it is like being home again. They are quick to tell you, too, that there is a world of difference between civilian hospitality like this and the cold shoulder they were treated to before the U.S.O. and the N.C.C.S. were operating.

If men are on lonely outpost duty somewhere along a barbed-wire beach on the coast, the U.S.O. brings its services to them through its mobile service trucks and cars which carry everything from convenience items like stationery and razor blades to coffee urns and motion-picture projectors.

The services and activities for men in uniform which have been named above are only a few of the high spots in the N.C.C.S. program but they are an indication that no field of service, no matter how trivial or how important, has been overlooked by the N.C.C.S. and the other U.S.O. agencies.

Knit them all together into a purposeful plan backed by a solidly-based philosophy of operation and you can understand why the President calls the U.S.O.'s work absolutely essential to the winning of this war.

War is women's business, too. As the drain on

manpower increases, women are taking their place in war industries. These young women undergo many of the same severe disruptions which service men do in leaving their normal life and home community to go to "boom towns" to work in war industries.

Because maintenance of civilian morale in war industries is absolutely essential to winning the war and for protecting the spiritual, moral and physical well-being of women war workers, the National Catholic Community Service, as a U.S.O. agency, is doing a gigantic job in operating, through its Women's Division, forty U.S.O. clubs in such towns throughout the nation.

These clubs which are operated under the same "Home Away from Home" policy as those for the service men, look after the rapidly enlarging army of women in war industries and allied fields who fall into three classifications: the war industry workers engaged in munitions plants, aircraft factories, and powder plants; the wives and families of service men living near army camps and naval stations to be near their husbands or visiting them; and the white collar workers who are brought into communities for necessary employment due to the war effort, as well as the laundresses, waitresses and cooks.

For the most part, all these women are living in overcrowded communities that have little to offer them in the way of living and eating facilities, let alone adequate recreational and welfare services.

The N.C.C.S. is doing its work in this specialized field because these women war workers must be considered in today's and tomorrow's planning for leisure, since they are not only an indispensable part of production for victory but a factor, as well, in the spiritual well-being and contentment of their soldier husbands, brothers or friends.

All this work that the National Catholic Community Service is doing for the service men and the women war-workers could never be successful without the many thousands of volunteer workers, from the parish to the national-organization level, who are plugging away competently and wholeheartedly, helping to carry on this great responsibility of the Church to care for those engaged in the grim business of defending our country.

It is because of these volunteer workers and the financial backing for U.S.O. to which Catholics in all walks of life have generously contributed, that the Church is able, through the N.C.C.S., to meet its giant share in the nation's war effort.

The nation has watched closely the endeavors of the N.C.C.S. and the five other private welfare agencies that are doing this morale work under the U.S.O. banner, and it has not found them wanting for, as Francis P. Matthews, chairman of the executive committee of the N.C.C.S., recently said: "Working side by side in a common program for the common good, these six member agencies of the U.S.O. afford the country a compelling lesson in unity and cooperation in a time of national crisis."

This is the second of two articles on the National Catholic Community Service in the U.S.O.

DOGS AND SELF-DENIAL

IN the last fifty years, said Richard Titmuss, secretary of the British Social Hygiene Council, Great Britain has shown an increase of population that is extremely unsatisfactory. But he added that Great Britain had 1,500,000 more pet dogs than in 1890.

For a number of years, the Council, chiefly because of the influence of a member of the medical profession who, among other titles, enjoys that of King's Physician, has been doing a work which corresponds to that of Margaret Sanger in this country. Viewing the sorry state of the poor in Great Britain, it has come to the conclusion that these conditions should be remedied by teaching the poor to have no children. One result of this muddle-headed reasoning is that in this hour of need Great Britain is discovering that the lack of men and women to carry on the war work, and to prepare for the tasks which await when, by God's mercy the world returns to sanity, is alarming. It is becoming evident that the so-called "surplus population," once scorned by these reformers, has its usefulness. Perhaps the truth is dawning in the minds of some, even among the Council's quacks and sciolists, that man cannot interfere with the law which an all-wise Creator has established in our very being, and escape disaster.

We look for a similar dawn of reason in this country. Up to the present, however, our domestic reformers stumble in a night of ignorance of man's truest interests, and the country's.

Every man in the United States is now asked to bear burdens hitherto unknown, to the end that we may not be overwhelmed by nations, which, whatever their faults, have not elevated unnatural devices to the level of perfect agencies of social reform and national security. Yet, only a few weeks ago, our reformers, in solemn convention assembled, resolved to leave nothing undone to make every State in the Union, and the Federal Government itself, active promoters of a vicious policy which will inevitably reduce still further the falling birth-rate of the last decade.

One of the results of war is that it impresses upon whole peoples the necessity of self-denial. In the piping times of peace, we dance, and sing and drink, especially we in the United States, and pride ourselves on "the high standards of living" which we have established. These standards are not high. They are low, because they debase the individual, and weaken the nation.

Possibly out of this war will come the lesson that at all times self-denial is necessary for personal and national progress. In the face of death, men are apt to look upon this world and all that is in it in a new light, and to assess all human acts by a truer standard of values. Loyalty to obligations freely assumed, fidelity to contracts in the matrimonial state, and in every other relation between men, and our steady progress to individual and national security, cannot be guaranteed when the individual is taught to substitute self-indulgence for self-denial.

EDITOR

NO HATRED

THOSE whose memories of the first World War are still vivid can recall many disorders at home which they hope will be avoided during the present conflict. That there was a deliberate attempt on the part of pseudo-patriots to stir up hatred against German aliens, and Americans of German descent, and that this campaign was nation-wide, are statements that seem probable, although definite proof has never been obtained. But the disorders, culminating in rioting in some cities, were so marked that on at least two occasions President Wilson thought it his duty as Chief Executive to denounce them.

Fortunately, no similar outbreaks have been recorded since the country went to war. Germans, and Americans whose sympathies with Germany led them to acts in violation of Federal statutes, have been taken into custody, and dealt with according to the law. The due process of law, which an American citizen can claim as a constitutional right, has been observed in the cases of these aliens as well as of their misguided American friends. No attempt has been made to hurry any of the accused to prison, and in the case of those found guilty, the sentences, compared with those inflicted in other countries for similar offenses, have been very light. It is to be hoped that no American will think himself bound to disturb these orderly processes, or conclude that he serves his country and encourages our soldiers by initiating a campaign of hatred.

In a noble document issued at the outset of hostilities, the Catholic Bishops in England reminded their people that not even war sanctioned violations of Christ's fundamental law which bids us love all men. Our Lord, Who hated sin, did not hate the sinner. We may, indeed must, hate the atheistic principles which the Nazi philosophy enshrines, but as Christians we cannot hate the men who, through practices based on these principles, have brought Germany to the verge of ruin. Still less may we hate the German people, or the men in the German military and naval forces. We pray for the coming of victory and peace, but prayer from a heart filled with hatred will not avail with God. The prayer He hears is the prayer of humble and contrite hearts.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS

WHEN a man tries to give himself an intellectual rating, it is prudent to accept his report with reserves. A wise man will underrate himself, while an ignoramus will put himself in a niche between the two occupied by Solomon and Saint Thomas. That is why the remark of President Hutchins, of the University of Chicago, in an address last week at St. John's College, must be taken with an unusual number of reservations. "I closed my formal educational career a wholly uneducated man," said Dr. Hutchins. "But after years of study I am now on the educational level of a St. John's sophomore."

It is not difficult to catch Dr. Hutchins' meaning. Every college man in his audience who had gone forward in the last thirty years to receive an academic degree, also felt that he had left college an uneducated man. But the wiser among them added a gloss to the report they gave of themselves. A youngster who finishes four years at college is not supposed to be an educated man. All that the best college can do for him is to inspire him with a love of wisdom, and a determination to work, as Henry Adams wrote, for an education.

No college can do more than this. Unfortunately, many American colleges do less. As a member of the governing board of St. John's College said in an address, following Dr. Hutchins', the elective system which he pursued enabled him to do what he "liked," rather than what "he should have done." If after four years of doing what he likes to do, the undergraduate leaves college with a desire to complete his education, the result is not due to his college, but to an enlightenment from without that must be counted as a kind of minor miracle.

Probably the excessive electivism of the last three decades, which made its way even into the primary and secondary schools, will soon be replaced by an electivism which does not leave it to a callow youth to decide what he wishes to study, and what he will not study. There is no reason why a course of studies prescribed a generation ago should be carried over into an age in which it is actually an anachronism. Unrestrained electivism and rigid prescription are the Scylla and Charybdis on the educational map.

ARE WE DISUNITED?

IN these days of war, pessimism is as dangerous as optimism. If we allow ourselves to believe that we are going to conquer our enemies without much difficulty, or that the difficulty of overcoming them is all but insuperable, we weaken ourselves, and contribute in no small measure to the force of the Axis Powers. But after inquiry and some intensive investigation, it does not seem to us that either of these perilous moods controls the American people.

Within the last few weeks, a lecturer who first came to these shores in 1939 as an exponent of what the British thought our part in the war should be, has expressed, in private, and in parties which are hardly private, a view which dissents from ours. It is his opinion that we Americans are not really in earnest about pursuing this war to a victorious conclusion, mainly because of three classes which he finds among us. The first two classes consist of those who think that the war can be won without a struggle, and of those who are now convinced that we ought to seek peace terms, since we cannot hope to defeat the combined power of Germany and Japan. But there is a third class, far more dangerous, he thinks, than either of these.

It is interesting, and to us Americans somewhat astounding, to hear his description of this class. In the main, it is made up of men in public office, or employed in editorial work for some of our largest newspapers, who, in the years before Pearl Harbor, believed that American participation in the war could be averted, and who, in Congress and through the press, urged the Government to avoid any act which might bring us into war. These men, our British observer believes, still influence if not a majority of our people, at least a number large enough to hinder the Government's war work, and in some instances to cripple it seriously. While they may now disavow the policy they promoted before Pearl Harbor, they are at heart defeatists who would not consider a triumph by Hitler and his forces a crushing blow to our way of life.

Obviously this conclusion implies a degree of disloyalty in many prominent Americans, which most of us will decline to admit in the absence of convincing evidence to sustain the accusation. It is quite true that a number of polls taken before Pearl Harbor reflected the opinion of a majority among us that, since American participation in the war could be avoided, it was proper to use every legitimate means to keep out of war. It is also true that this opinion was shared by leaders in Congress, and that during the campaign of 1940 President Roosevelt again and again stated that he hoped to keep this country out of the war, and that with the aid of his Secretary of War, he was doing all that was humanly possible to avert war. And when he said that he knew war and hated war, he spoke the opinion of every intelligent American.

To hold that none of these Americans has taken a different attitude since Pearl Harbor is ridiculous. We Americans are not war-mongers, and we pray God we may never be. But Americans, once con-

vinced that a war in which they are engaged is just and necessary, will fight to the end. This is not a statement which might pass without question at a Fourth of July celebration. It is a statement that is supported by facts.

Speaking for the people, Congress has voted without demur the huge sums of money asked by the Administration for war purposes. To these requests there has not only been no serious opposition, but no opposition, except by a few members connected in the past with radical organizations. As for our people, they have been magnificent. Draft-boards can complain of but a few shirkers, and the legal obstacles thrown in the way of their work by objectors, conscientious and otherwise, have been hardly worth noting. Mothers and fathers have given their sons without complaining, and now gladly carry the burdens laid upon them by the country's necessities.

Not a few of the leaders in various patriotic enterprises, established since last December, are guided or supported by men who, before that time, were connected with organized movements to prevent Congress from declaring war. If substantial opposition to the Government's war work exists in any part of this country, or if the determination to sacrifice everything to bring this war to a speedy and victorious end does not rule all our citizens, irrespective of political creed, then we have grievously misread the purposes of the American people.

Our people are contributing all that the Government asks, and more. That they do not talk about their sacrifice and their determination, argues on their part neither optimism nor pessimism. Brooks babble, but still waters run deep.

THE PORK BARREL

WITH the hope expressed by the National Civil Service Reform League, that the rapid recruiting of employes by the Federal Government will not be used as an excuse to scrap the Federal civil-service system, we are in hearty sympathy. Civil service in the United States may be a poor thing, an ill-favored thing, but such as it is, it is our own, and we hope some day to reform it.

No one denies that emergencies justify methods not to be tolerated under normal conditions. But with us, methods adopted to meet unexpected needs tend to become the accepted norm after the emergency has passed.

As the League protests, politicians should not be permitted to use war emergencies as an opportunity of finding remunerative jobs for their henchmen. If that baseness is not promptly rebuked, the standards of the Civil Service Commission will be seriously impaired. What is worse, the Government will be poorly served in its hour of need by employes who are wholly unfitted for the work to which they are assigned, and by others who care not how badly the work is done, provided that a political patron keeps them on the payroll.

At least for the duration, no priority should be established for the pork-barrel.

THE MASTER CALLS

HE had won a place of distinction in his profession, but now the end was at hand. Sustained by the saving Sacraments, the old man peacefully awaited the summons of God's messenger, death. In his youth, he had ardently desired to serve Almighty God at the altar, but circumstances had made that impossible. Following the counsel of his spiritual adviser, he left the seminary to prepare himself for membership in a learned profession.

But the generous dreams of his young days never left him. If he could not serve God as a priest, he would serve Him as a layman, and become His minister to the poor. He engaged actively in works of charity, and as time went on, the financial rewards of his profession gave him many opportunities of helping Christ's needy brethren. But of all works of charity, the dearest to him was that of helping young men along the arduous road that leads to the priesthood. He could not be a priest himself. Never would he stand at the altar, or raise a consecrated hand in blessing or in absolution. But what he himself could not do, he would aid others to do. In the eyes of the great High Priest, he thought, he might thus share in their holy functions, and in that thought he found an abiding consolation.

The Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke v, 1-11) which tells us of the calling of Peter and James and John, also reminds us that in every age certain souls must leave all things to follow Christ. Some make the sacrifice gladly, and from the first moment in which they hear the call of Christ, never falter. Others listen, but on hearing the voice of the tempter, fall away. Like the rich young man in the Gospel, they wish to follow Christ, but only on a path of their own choosing. What the outcome of a vocation rejected will be, is a question to be decided not by us, but by the infinite mercy of God. Yet we can be fairly certain that those who reject the call will find little peace in this life, and will save their souls only with unusual difficulty.

But there is a type of vocation which is lost, rather than deliberately rejected. In very many cases, the responsibility for this lost vocation, and it is a fearful responsibility, must be laid in large part at the door of parents. They plan successful futures for their sons, but in their blindness they rate success in terms of wealth and worldly distinction. They fail to reflect that man's truest success is won by doing as perfectly as he can whatever Almighty God wishes him to do. Nor do they realize that by prudently encouraging a young soul to be faithful to the Divine call, they provide best for his happiness, here and hereafter, and for their own.

Great is the need today of consecrated laborers in Christ's vineyard. With all the world at war, that need, humanly speaking, will become sorer in the next few years. If we cannot actively help in promoting vocations among our young people, we can pray fervently that of those whom God calls to the altar, none will be found wanting in courage and perseverance.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

THE INDEX IN AN ALL-OUT WAR

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

WITH gears whining and worrying, the bus bowled noisily along, shouldering aside the overhanging branches. Windows and seats vibrated with a rapid tempo which occasionally quickened into a blurred roar, then dissolved again into component rattles.

Undeterred by the tumult, the driver whistled, liltily, clearly and shrilly. For awhile he was alone with his music and the crashing obbligato of the bus. Then, from one of the back seats, a passenger raised an angry counterpoint.

For a second the driver faltered, affronted. Then he glared in the traffic mirror, took in a long lungful, and launched on a skirling pibroch which would have gladdened the heart and ruptured the eardrums of Walter Scott.

All this was no help to the young priest huddled in the second seat. He was attempting to read, with required devotion, that astonishing anthology of lyric and epic and tragedy—the Roman Breviary. Sound rolled around him in all sizes and shapes; the sunlight lancing through the trees on either side of the road slashed at the print and the rubrics.

He looked up as the bus shuddered to a stop. A lady got on, paid her fare, glanced around and came down toward the priest. Fear clutched at his heart. He had to finish his office and prepare a sermon on this hour and a half trip, and he felt that in addition to the whistling on this wheeled whirlwind, he was to have that final and conclusive distraction—a seat mate with a theological difficulty.

She smiled at him. It was a thin, tight-lipped smile—rather like a scar with teeth in it, he thought to himself. She paused to slip into the seat beside him and, as she settled herself primly, he noticed on her nose the saddle sores of *pince-nez*.

Rather uncharitable thoughts for a young priest, you might say. But though young and inexperienced, he had already encountered a very annoying kind of Catholic; and he suspected that the lady who now jostled against his shoulder was one of that kind.

Secretly and sardonically he called the breed “inquiring Catholics.” Out of a youth of Sunday Schools, they had brought fragmentary memories of the Council of Baltimore Catechism. Almost always they left any further religious investigation

to the idle interstices of a life preoccupied with other matters which, if not more important, were at least more engrossing. In trains, or buses, or on board ship, a meeting with a priest was, for such people, a chance to lay a scruple or entomb a doubt.

Thus their entire knowledge of their religion was compounded of the half-forgotten formulas of the catechism and the half-remembered explanations of priests asked to expound high and difficult truths under circumstances totally hostile to such exposition.

The young priest protested against them because he had a fresh and shining realization of the organic totality of Catholic doctrine. He knew that one dogma cannot be explained nor fully understood out of the living context of the wondrous whole.

Hence his unkind thoughts about the lady. The state of mind which so irked him had certain symptoms which he detected in her. He had no doubt that she was a good lady, a “moral Catholic.” But intuitively he suspected that she was almost altogether ignorant of the doctrinal and dogmatic content of her Faith.

She opened the conversation with the usual threadbare remarks about the weather, the bus service, and that kind of thing. Then she came to the point.

“Father, there’s one thing that has always bothered me. Maybe you could help me. . . .”

There followed a long, psychological analysis of her reaction to various books and magazines she had read; then she broached her problem. It was the Roman Index again. There were books forbidden in which she could see no harm; the whole idea of the Index left one at a disadvantage in a discussion with a non-Catholic; there was the embarrassment of young people who went to colleges where forbidden books were required reading.

The young priest groaned to himself. As with so many other matters of Faith and morals, the best argument he knew for the merit of the Index was the self-sufficient fact that Christ’s infallible Church had established it. He liked Catholics who, with filial reverence, settled religious questions simply by asking what the Church held. And he did not like Catholics who went to schools which required the reading of forbidden books. However. . . .

"As a loyal American," he began, "you are, I am sure, most enthusiastic about our all-out war effort?"

"Of course, Father," she interposed, shocked.

"And yet—it is a grim business, just the same. No matter how ardent one's patriotism may be, it hurts. We are rationed already on sugar; the gas shortage has stopped our joy-riding, though it has the dubious advantage of forcing us to conserve the tires we would not be able to replace. We are urged over the radio and from billboards, in the press and on the street, to buy Defense Bonds. And we may look ahead to further privations. Yet all this is just and right, isn't it?"

"Certainly, Father, the country is at war—"

"That's it, exactly. This is a war to the death. And because our way of life is threatened; because our country is in danger, we are eager and willing to make the sacrifices which will bring a speedy and conclusive victory. For although they are not noisy about it generally, Americans really love their land and their liberty. Don't you think so?"

"I certainly do, Father. But—"

"Well," he went on relentlessly, "you must not forget there is another war. Its trumpets are silent, its artillery quiet but deadly. It is more savage than the World War, much older and longer than the Hundred Years War. It, too, is a struggle for survival, a battle to the death; and there is no possibility of armistice. Long ago the patriarch Job told us that the life of man on earth is a warfare. Centuries later Paul reminded us that our fight is with principalities and powers.

"In this higher, more savage battle of the spirit we are called upon to make sacrifices; just as now our civil government demands heroic generosity from us in the natural order.

"It is for our Mother the Church to tell us what sacrifices we must make in this other, spiritual warfare. She is our Divinely appointed guide. 'Don't read these books I have placed on the Index,' she tells us. 'By doing that you aid and comfort the enemy and cooperate with him. Lock your eyes and your ears against him. For he goes around like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. He can easily ambush you in the pages of a book.'

"We can see the wisdom of rationing, of making financial sacrifices to aid our country and doing all we can to further her cause. Why is it that we balk at the logic with which the Church demands that we make sacrifices that will ensure victory in this other, supernatural war?"

Out of the corner of his eye, the young priest saw that the lady was preparing to speak. His experience with her kind had convinced him that once they began to talk, the revelation of their own thoughts on a topic proved more fascinating to them than anything their vis-a-vis might offer. Let them hurdle two "moreovers" and get out into a conversational straightaway and it was all over. So he hurried on. . . .

"Another thing," he said, "there is always the question of taste, you know. Every esthete I have ever read admitted that art somehow or other had to do with proportion and balance. Now the reason

why a book is put on the Index is precisely because it lacks proportion and balance. It emphasizes some aspect of life, sex, let us say, all out of its proper perspective and emerges as immoral; or it distorts truth according to an author's prejudices, and turns out to be an error against Faith.

"Further, the men who list a book on the Index are great scholars, professionally interested in giving strict justice to an author. They do not arbitrarily consign an author's brainchild to Moloch, you know. By the way, do you belong to any of the Book-of-the-Month Clubs?"

"Yes, Father," she replied rather faintly.

"And you are grateful for the service it gives you, aren't you? You are glad to have experts pan the spate of books issuing from the presses and give you what they regard as the real gold? You respect their opinion. Even David Hume who certainly could not be accused of over-conservatism admitted that 'it is natural for us to seek a standard of taste.' And what better standard of taste could you find than the Roman Index?"

"There readily catalogued you will see most of the books which are unbalanced and hence potentially harmful to you. They hold a mirror up to life; but it is one of the distortion mirrors you see at amusement parks."

Excusing herself, the lady reached for the button to signal the driver. She was approaching her stop. And the young priest wondered whether she would be glad to get off this thorny topic as well as the bus. The buzzer whirled, and the swaying vehicle began to slow down.

"There is a glowing passage in Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*," the priest concluded. "I don't know whether I can recall all of it. Certainly you would not suspect Mrs. Browning of being a subtle propagandist for the Roman Index, would you? I'm sure she would not like such a suspicion. Let's see now. How does that go. . . .

Behold! the world of books is still the world,
And worldlings in it are less merciful
And more puissant. For the wicked there
Are winged like angels; every knife that strikes
Is edged from elemental fire to assail
A spiritual life; the beautiful seems right
By force of beauty, and the feeble wrong
Because of weakness; power is justified
Though armed against St. Michael; many a crown
Covers bald foreheads. In the book-world true,
There's no lack, neither, of God's saints and kings . . .

"That, my dear lady, is the purpose of the Index. To save you from these brilliant and baleful worldlings; to help you to walk always with saints and kings."

The bus stopped.

"Well, thank you, Father," she said, as she rose. "This was all very interesting. I hope I may see you again some time."

The priest lifted his hat. "Interesting!" he thought to himself, with an unchivalrous snort.

"Good-bye," he said, "I hope we may."

Then as the bus once more took up its loud career and the landscape once more reeled by on either side, he opened his Breviary and went back to the high, serene company of Benjamin and Cis and Saul.

BOOKS

PLEASANT SOVIET DAYS

MOSCOW WAR DIARY. By Alexander Werth. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

QUITE obviously, this Diary is a bid, in the form of "inside" journalism, for close cooperation, in much more than merely military alliance, between Russia and the other United Nations. If you recognize its obvious propaganda qualities, you may still enjoy frank and vivid descriptions of how things look during the war in Soviet Russia. The author does know Russian and knows, in a way, old Russia as well as new. You can also appreciate what the book confesses and reveals.

For instance, concerning religion:

I haven't seen the slightest trace of anti-religious propaganda here; and God is often mentioned in conversation. I don't think the Soviet regime will ever bother about anti-religious propaganda again; but it will remain anti-clerical. . . . The existence of churches and priests will be permitted, but limited by the possibilities of having the priests trained, and the churches financially maintained.

Concerning morals. The famous Old Bolshevik "Puritanism"—dear to the heart of the earlier correspondents—seems to be weakening. Chauffeurs indulge in "wild orgies," and the streets are filled with pregnant women. The author seems to function best in an atmosphere of many eats and drinks and choice ones, seasoned by occasional hints as to sex enjoyments that are available. There is no discussion of principles.

Concerning Communists. They are highly annoying to the author—whenever they throw monkey-wrenches into the present party line. London's ever-faithful Pollitt and Gallacher get a swift kick, do not "deserve the slightest credit for Russian resistance." As for the all-wise Walter Duranty, who loves to shock us by telling us the Bolsheviks are "that way," "it's just no use arguing with anyone who has made up his mind that the Russians are strange animals." Pardon us if we gloat, after twenty years of Duranty. Incidentally (for our colored readers), the author indignantly repudiates the idea that Soviet Russia is a "nigger (sic) republic."

Concerning facts. Mr. Werth is irked by American "cold objectivity." It was "very unwise" for Max Jordan to tell the truth about the terrific forced migration of the Volga Germans. "It'll only encourage the anti-Reds." I fear the whole book may encourage the anti-Reds. Trying to sell Bolshevism to Americans is always a ticklish job.

JOHN LAFARGE

WHAT MADE POLAND

GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF POLAND. Edited by Stephen P. Mizwah. The Macmillan Co. \$4

SERIOUS readers will welcome this new volume on Poland. There is in it excellent information, sympathetically presented, especially for our English speaking people who have at best merely a passing acquaintance with Poland and Poland's aspirations. The editor, thanks to the contributions of Polish, American and English scholars, has managed to pass in review a millennium of Polish life and history. Thirty outstanding leaders of Poland make up the cast of characters. They are kings and statesmen, actors and politicians, artists and musicians, writers and teachers and priests. All of them are names to be conjured with in Polish cultural and political traditions. Among the names are Jadwiga, Poland's great queen; Copernicus, the astronomer; Chopin, the musician; Paderewski, musician, statesman and patriot; Helena Modjeska, the great actress; Conrad, the writer, and Matejko, the artist.

The reader may take as a test of the serious purpose of the volume the inclusion in the selection of the Jesuit orator Piotr Skarga, as one of the undoubted leaders of Polish nationalism. For there can be no doubt that Father Skarga, through his written sermons, is still exercising a marked influence on Polish aspirations and national solidarity as he did during life through his eloquence in the pulpit. No one who is seriously intent on telling the story of Poland can omit the Jesuit Skarga.

Since this is a composite work it is only natural to expect that not all the biographical sketches will be of equal merit, though all are good. The story of Boleslaw Chrobry, the Founder of the United Kingdom of Poland, as told by Prof. Oscar Halecki, is worthy of a patriot and an historian. Less noteworthy is the sketch of the hero-king, John Sobieski, the Savior of Vienna and Western Civilization. It is not an adequate picture because it places such emphasis on Sobieski's material achievements that his spiritual ones are almost ignored.

While the characters selected to portray the struggles of Poland are varied in their achievements and their vocation in life, two striking notes ring clear in very many places throughout the volume. Both these notes are characteristically dominant in Polish history. In one of the early essays it is said explicitly that "the Church synods alone, which represented the whole of Poland, had seemed to keep alive the idea of national solidarity." This is indeed true. Under their common loyalty to Roman Catholicism, the Poles were kept as one people. On the other hand it was through politics and the vanity of noble prestige, that disunity was fostered and ended finally in the tragedy of 1795. For "what can be done with a nation where in order to get anything done, you must get 30,000 heads under one cap?" The story of Polish nationalism is very largely the conflict of these two elements, until at length the *liberum veto* of the nobility so undermined the resistance of the Poles that they fell an easy prey to the despoilers from Austria, Prussia and Russia.

JOSEPH ROUBIK

WHAT'S RUINING POLAND

THE NEW ORDER IN POLAND. By Simon Segal. Alfred A. Knopf. \$3

THE author's object is to inform, not to inflame. He is content to tell without emotion the tragedy of Poland which followed in the wake of the Nazi invasion of 1939. Here the satanic doctrine of the "master race" was worked out with a ruthlessness worthy of the ancient Assyrians. The Nazis made of Poland a laboratory and conducted experiments in cruelty intended to break the spirit of a brave people and reduce them to slavery. They divided Poland into two parts; the rich western section was incorporated into the Reich with a final aim to expel all but Germans; the more barren eastern division is rated as a foreign colony and is governed by a Fuhrer, Dr. Hans Frank.

In Poland, a man's status is according to race. First in honor are the Reich Germans, who were encouraged to emigrate to Poland. Few have done so, and they were often carpet-baggers eager for plunder. Next are the Germans of Poland and others transplanted from the Baltic countries. The underdog is the Pole, and beneath him in Nazi estimation is the Jew. For political considerations the Ukrainians have been accorded good treatment. In his account of the religious persecution, the author uses data from the report of Cardinal Hlond. Both Catholics and Jews are stronger than ever in their manifestations of faith.

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Poland's ancient problem, anti-Semitism, naturally looms large. Out of a nation of 35,000,000, the Jews number 3,250,000, about 9.8 per cent of the total population, and before the war they owned eighty per cent of the industry and commerce of Poland. But now that their property has been largely confiscated, the Jewish problem hardly exists, in the sense of economic domination of a majority by a racial minority. A common misfortune has created a bond of charity between the two races. The plight of the Poles forcibly recalls Soviet cruelty. In the past two years 82,000 Poles and Jews have been executed, or perished in Nazi concentration camps.

In keeping with Hitler's purpose of reducing the Poles to a slave race, the intellectuals are to be eliminated, and no more than a primary education is to be allowed the rising generation. With their march into Russia, the Nazis were forced to subordinate their plans to war aims. Polish laborers were herded together and sent into Germany to take the place of soldiers in factory and farm. In Poland, the Gestapo organized labor battalions and labor camps, forcing the Poles to work ten hours a day. For the Jews ghettos were established, and Jews from the conquered countries of Europe were added to the local brethren and shoved into fenced-in districts where they suffer terrible hardships from hunger, disease and overcrowding. In a single period of three months over 10,000 deaths occurred in the Warsaw ghetto. To demoralize the people, gambling and the sale of alcohol are encouraged by the conquerer.

The cruelty displayed by the Soviets is only hinted at, but the author notes ominously that the present Soviet-Polish treaty does not guarantee the Polish frontiers. He treats in great detail the vigorous underground movement and the activities of the Poles in exile. Discussing the political situation, the author seems to favor a form of democratic Socialism for the Poland of the future. Genuine Socialism spells regimentation and force. Democracy and Socialism are eternally incompatible. Perhaps the author means by Socialism, state ownership of public utilities, the system operative in Poland before the war. This book will repay reading. GEORGE T. EBERLE

THE KILLER AND THE SLAIN. By Hugh Walpole.

Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

THERE are not so many writers in any given literary generation who can tell a tale seductively with the sort of "muttered music," Barrie's mother found in Stevenson. The late John Buchan was one, and the recently deceased Sir Hugh Walpole is his peer in this respect. They both wear the mantle of Stevenson, but with a difference, Lord Tweedsmuir flaunting the outer tartan to the upland air of moor and heather, Sir Hugh turning out the inner lining of the psychological that R.L.S.'s *Markheim* shares with Poe's *William Wilson*.

Walpole's last novel, *The Killer and the Slain*, is a remarkable performance from more points of view than one. It is a story of diabolic possession every bit as terrifying as Benson's *The Imposters*, though it follows the *Jekyll and Hyde* rather than the above-mentioned novel's seance pattern. What was mere suggestion in the Stevenson parable has here become uglily explicit, especially in those sections that deal with sexual sin, after John Talbot has murdered his anti-self, James Tunstall, and opened the empty spaces of his soul to the malign habitant who had previously invested Tunstall. But even here there is no intention of pulp sensationalism on Sir Hugh's part; he reveals a queer, tense integrity that one cannot help but feel is rooted in some autobiographical impulse.

Some readers will want to have it that this last of his fantastic novels, of the order of *Portrait of a Man with Red Hair*, is a superlatively good bogle tale, but no more, and will be irritated by any allusion to metaphysical overtones. Others, more caustic, will find it an allegory of Walpole's own career as a man of letters; he was always being possessed by some literary influence or other, whether Trollope or Gissing or Scott or, as in this case, those eerier succubi, Hawthorne and

James. There is truth in these points of view, but not the whole truth, and a more catholic critic, like More of Princeton, would have hailed the *Killer and the Slain* as an impressive addition to the growing body of twentieth-century fiction which is welcoming back the Prince of Darkness to his rightful role as chief protagonist in the chronicle play of this world.

Set down Walpole's name with Benson's and Haggard's and Kipling's, not to mention Bernanos' and Greene's. There is a strange and significant continuity in these matters. Old Hieronymus Bosch painted his evils very like the "slithery fat familiars" of Talbot's musings, and the crowd that Talbot sees "with faces like cambric masks and sharp clown noses." Sir Hugh's esthetic perceptions were more than unusually keen; and so were his spiritual ones.

CHARLES A. BRADY

IN THE STEPS OF DANTE AND OTHER PAPERS. By I. J. Semper. Loras College Press. \$1.25

THIS erudite and delightful book takes its title from the first paper. The author, who traveled widely in peaceful Europe during many summers, starts the reader on a "Dantean tour of Italy," beginning at the gateway of Dante's world, Gibraltar. All the reminders of Dante and the *Divine Comedy* in Rome are pointed out by means of world famous paintings and frescoes. Naples is closely linked to the *Divine Comedy* as the birthplace of Vergil and Saint Thomas Aquinas, because Dante refers to Vergil as the "master of his style" and to Saint Thomas as the "master of his thought." The traveler proceeds through Umbria—the spirit of Saint Francis of Assisi fills the *Divine Comedy*—and Tuscany to Florence. Milan, the city of "cathedral spires" and Verona, where Dante lived many years during his exile, are visited. The tour appropriately ends at the tomb of Dante in the Church of Saint Francis in Ravenna.

This book of diversified papers is highly recommended to the lovers of good literature.

ANNE STUART

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR. By Francis Trevelyan Miller. The John C. Winston Company. \$1.35

THIS biography traces General Douglas MacArthur's family back into Scottish history and forward into American history: the MacArthurs settled in "Ouisconsin" (Wisconsin), and it was from there that Douglas, son of Arthur MacArthur, started on his way to military fame. The General's career as a soldier in World War I is somewhat briefly sketched. Chapter X, one of the most interesting in the book, deals with MacArthur's clamorous but unheeded warnings about the coming of World War II.

The latter part of the book is partly biographical but more largely historical, dealing as it does with the plexus of circumstances which drew MacArthur to the Philippines. As do all biographies of still living men, this stops rather than ends.

CHARLES DUFFY

THE SAINTS OF IRELAND. By Hugh De Blacam. The Bruce Co. \$2.50

THE author became known to Americans through his previous book, *St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland*. He is an outstanding Irish literary critic as well as historian, being a frequent contributor to the press of Eire. The present work is equally well done and merits a wide distribution in this country. It is a critically historical, yet popular, life of Saint Brigid and Saint Columcille. The first is the foundress of convent life in Ireland toward the end of the fifth century which was destined in a kindly Providence never to fail but to spread throughout the Catholic Church. Saint Brigid was to be the "greatest of the women of Ireland; the Shepherdess, the maiden reared among the flocks and herds, the Abbess of Kildare, the Mary of the Gael: our Lady's representative, nearest to her, truest to her, most like to her."

Mr. De Blacam's sketch is interesting and sympathetic, as is that of Saint Columcille, Father of Irish missionaries, whose zeal has blessed every known country. He left Ireland to become at Iona the Apostle of

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Scotland. At his death, the "Family of Columcille" numbered sixty Religious houses and the brethren, according to the near contemporary, Adaman, had penetrated "as far as triangular Spain and Italy, that lies beyond the Pennine Alps." Despite the austerities of the monastic life, Saints Brigid and Columcille were similar in the saving grace of being most sympathetic. "That which we care for in our dear ones is not what they do, but what they are," writes Mr. De Blacam. We find both in his present sketch of two human beings, Brigid and Columcille, Saints by popular acclamation.

DANIEL M. O'CONNELL, S.J.

AMBASSADORS IN WHITE. THE STORY OF AMERICAN TROPICAL MEDICINE. By Charles Morrow Wilson. Henry Holt and Co. \$3.50

THE United States is beginning to realize from sheer necessity of war, that it alone is not America. It is beginning to force the growth of a long and shamefully neglected good-neighbor policy for all the Americas. *Ambassadors in White* lucidly presents the highlights and shadows of one of the most important phases of any Pan-American program.

This book pulls no punches in giving another "inside of Latin America," which is factual and complete. It is not only a sympathetic and sincere study of medicine and medical men in tropical America, but a plan for future humanitarian conquest of ever-present diseases. It is a book that should have far-reaching and lasting influence, for the facts are collected and competently presented by a layman, so that they will compel the attention of the general reader as well as of the professional medical man. The inevitable conclusion from these facts and personal histories is that the United States, even from a selfish motive, must do more in the future, both in cooperation with other countries and of its own accord, for the health of Latin America. The exceptionally fine last chapter should be read by every hard-headed business man who may think the expenditures for health in the tropics is money wasted.

Whatever will be done in the future must be done in the spirit of the great medical pioneers, mostly from the States, whose lives and accomplishments are limned by the gifted pen of Mr. Wilson. The author eloquently makes a plea for more medical giants such as Finlay, Gorgas, Walter Reed, etc., both by recounting their inspiring deeds and by pointing out present health facts and future dangers. He shows these men, struggling against overwhelming odds, yet always with the human, individual touch. He shows how they retained their sense of humor even amid the dying thousands, the wrecks of yellow fever and malaria. He points out that the fight against these dread scourges did not stop with the completion of "the big ditch" in Panama.

Perhaps the sidelights are the finest part of the book. Mr. Wilson points out that, contrary to popular belief in this country, it is not Latin-American "backwardness," that has been responsible for widespread disease in the tropics, but that Latin America has an illustrious medical tradition, which antedates our own by many centuries. The real cause of tropical disease is "the well-nigh insurmountable obstacles of climate, isolation, bitter poverty,"—much of the last caused in many instances by North American exploitation and selfishness. Another sidelight that shines through the book, perhaps unintentionally, is the Catholicism of the Latin Americas.

E. J. FARREN

JOSEPH ROUBIK, a Ph.D. from the University of Prague, is head of the History Department, Loyola University, Chicago.

GEORGE T. EBERLE, with degrees from the Gregorian University, Rome, is on the faculty of Weston College, Weston, Mass.

CHARLES A. BRADY, graduate of Canisius College, Buffalo, and Harvard, is professor of English at the former institution.

THEATRE

BY JUPITER. The new musical comedy by Richard Rogers and Lorenz Hart, presented by Dwight Deere Wyman, Mr. Rodgers and Richard Kollmar at the Shubert Theatre, illustrates two strong tendencies of our present stage. The first is to "pep up" musical offerings with as much vulgarity as the public will accept. The second is to throw away the advertising value that lies in the well-known title of an original successful story or play and select a new title for the musical review made from it.

Both these practices have been enthusiastically followed by the authors of *By Jupiter*, substituted for the original title of Julian Thornton's play, *The Warrior's Husband*. The first title, I may add incidentally, was infinitely better than the new one. The original actually had a bearing on the play.

Having said this much, it is only just to add that the new offering is tuneful, bright and gay and that it will undoubtedly settle down with us for the summer and probably longer. It is superbly directed by Joshua Logan, has excellent sets by Jo Mielziner, and it is sung and danced and acted to the hilt by a large and brilliant company headed by Ray Bolger, Bertha Belmore, Benay Venuta, as the Amazon Queen, Constance Moore (a recruit from Hollywood and a worthy successor to Katharine Hepburn in her original Amazon role) and a score of others, all good.

Every theatregoer will remember the old Greek story, *The Warrior's Husband*, in which the woman Amazons are fighters and the men look after their homes and children. Its opportunities for vulgarity are numerous and are grasped with warm enthusiasm by the director and many of the principals. What those who object to these vulgarities have to think of during their progress is the grace of the dancing, the charm of the music, the excellence of the acting, and the spirit of the whole production. There is a great deal of really fine dancing. The best of it is done, of course, by the able Mr. Bolger, aided with everything in them by Lewis and Robert Hightower, Flower Huger, Bertha Belmore and a young person described on the program as Vera-Ellen.

It is time to mention, also, that the music throughout is really charming and that you might as well get used to it now, as your radios (if they can get it) will be giving it to you all summer. You will have golden opportunities to memorize *Here's a Hand*, *Life with Father*, *Nobody's Heart Belongs to Me*, *Everything I Got*, *Jupiter Forbid*, and other ditties equally good.

As to the acting, Mr. Bolger naturally carries off the honors as Sapiens, husband of the Amazon Queen, Hippolyta. Her role is acted with great spirit by Miss Venuta, who is naturally and justly annoyed by the efforts of Achilles and his fellow Greeks to capture her girdle. Bertha Belmore, who created the part in the original version ten years ago, is again with us as Pomposia, mother-in-law of Hippolyta. Incidentally, with Mr. Bolger, she supplies a dance that is generally accepted as one of the big hits of the offering.

Both costumes and production rather take one's breath away. We'd better enjoy them to the utmost, as we may not see their like again throughout the duration. The Greeks and Hippolyta's women warriors float around the stage with the grace of a perfectly trained ballet and give us a series of pictures we shall not soon forget.

If the vulgarities of *By Jupiter* were weeded out—as they could and should be—the new offering would make a fortune for its producers. At least it should be carefully edited. The supposed humor in it, and the constant harping on one vulgar note, make decent women in the audience feel not only bored but pretty sick.

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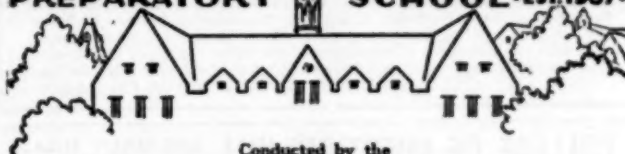
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FILMS

THE MAGNIFICENT DOPE. This is a thumping screen
 burlesque of the how-to-make-friends-and-influence-peo-
 ple type of school. Henry Fonda, a Vermont lad who
 "spends the summers renting boats on a lake and the
 winters waiting for the summers," is the "magnificent
 dope" of the title (the dialog refers to him as the
 "jerk"). His magnificence rises to the surface when Don
 Ameche, Edward Everett Horton and Lynn Bari enter
 his life. Don, assisted by Horton, conducts "success"
 schools which do not encounter much success. In order
 to avert bankruptcy, Lynn Bari, his secretary and
 fiancée, devises a publicity stunt in which \$500 and a
 scholarship are offered to the nation's most thorough-
 going failure. Fonda wins the contest and takes the
 "personality" course. A series of side-splitting complica-
 tions flicker over the screen and rise to a hilarious cli-
 max. Walter Lang's direction is expert, and the acting is
 superb. This film for *general patronage* is rich in laugh-
 ter. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES. The effect of the great Ameri-
 can melting-pot on two friends of German origin is
 here etched on the screen. Carl Pfeiffer (Charles Win-
 ninger) and Heinrich Block (Charles Ruggles) are
 wealthy American citizens as the first World War bursts
 on the United States. Carl's loyalty still leans in the
 direction of the Fatherland, whereas Heinrich's allegi-
 ance to the land of his adoption is firm and complete.
 A train of circumstances brings Carl to his senses. After
 he has been tricked by a German spy to contribute
 \$50,000 to an alleged peace movement, he learns that
 the money is used to finance the torpedoing of a trans-
 port on which his soldier-son is sailing for France. The
 shock produced by the spy's deception, the joy caused
 by his boy's rescue changes Carl's viewpoint. He becomes,
 like his friend Heinrich, a stalwart American. Allan
 Dwan directed this diverting *family* film. (United Art-
 ists)

MAISIE GETS HER MAN. Hard-boiled, big-hearted
 Maisie, who periodically weaves through the most hilari-
 ous serial adventures, has attracted a substantial follow-
 ing among cinematic fans. This current chapter of her
 screen career will neither increase nor decrease that fol-
 lowing. The fact is, Maisie (Ann Sothern) and Red
 Skelton, though up to par themselves, have a script that
 is somewhat below. The show-girl Maisie, after almost
 encountering death during a skit with a jilted knife-
 thrower, meets Red, a would-be actor. Stage fright tor-
 pedoes Red's stage ambitions, whereupon he and Maisie,
 now deeply in love, become entangled innocently in a
 phoney "sparkling mineral water" company. Formidable
 complications set in, but cannot stop true love from con-
 quering in the end. This *adult* comedy, directed by Roy
 Del Ruth, unveils some very funny episodes mixed in
 with others that are not so very funny. (MGM)

IT HAPPENED IN FLATBUSH. "Dem Bums," the
 Brooklyn Dodgers and their famous battle for the pen-
 nant provide the theme for this fictional screen comedy.
 Lloyd Nolan, who as a "butter-finger" player cost the
 "Bums" the flag some years back, is hired as manager.
 By the time he reaches Flatbush, there is a new club
 owner, Carol Landis, a young junior leaguer. As the
 reader will immediately surmise, romance develops be-
 tween Lloyd and Carol. They place Dodgerville at the
 top of the first division. The film, directed by Ray Mc-
 Carey, will furnish average *family* entertainment for
 all but certain families, to wit, those composed of rabid
 partisans of that well-known "gas-house gang," the
 mighty St. Louis Cardinals. (Twentieth Century-Fox).

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

PROSELYTISM AND GOOD NEIGHBORS

EDITOR: I noticed in *AMERICA* for October 25, 1941, correspondence containing some very necessary observations about the activity of North American Protestants in Latin-American countries. I send you hereby a translation of the letter which the Rt. Rev. Archbishop of Bello Horizonte (Brazil), Dom Antonio dos Santos Cabral, addressed, on January 30 last, to His Excellency, Jefferson Caffery, Ambassador to Brazil. It was published in *A União*, and in *A Cruz* here in Rio, as well as in many other papers. It reads:

At this historic moment when the bonds of a perfect solidarity are being tightened between the Republic of Brazil and the noble North American nation, sincerely anxious that nothing may go amiss in this magnanimous spirit of cooperation, in my position of Brazilian Catholic and Metropolitan Archbishop of Bello Horizonte, representing the thoughts of the Catholics of the Archbishopric, in full unity of feelings with the immense Catholic population of the whole country, I make free to submit to the consideration of Your Excellency the following:

Brazil, a deeply Catholic country, has its glorious traditions closely interwoven with the life and activities of the Catholic Church, as His Excellency, Dr. Getulio Vargas, most worthy President of the Republic, had occasion to emphasize in his speech to the Brazilian Hierarchy, given at the Itamarati on July 1, 1939. In our Brazilian surroundings, therefore, Protestant propaganda, as carried out by North American missionaries, is an activity which arouses animosity and misgivings with regard to the United States of North America.

It would be of inestimable advantage that the Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, should be informed of this situation, so as to bring the matter to the attention of His Excellency, the President of the United States, for proper action.

I crave the kind and enlightened interest of Your Excellency in this question of such far-reaching and beneficial consequences for better understanding between Brazilians and North Americans.

I hope that this letter will be useful to a great number of the readers of *AMERICA*.

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

REV. LEO LEM

IRREVERENT CANDID CAMERAS

EDITOR: Don't you think something ought to be done about this taking pictures of people receiving Holy Communion? A year or so back the Italian dictator refused permission to photographers to "snap" him while he was at prayer because he said such a moment is sacred. It is terrible to think that Catholic authorities have less sensitivity as to what is proper and decent than has a ruthless secularist, but how else explain the permitting of the violation of the sanctuary in such a vulgar way? It wasn't so many years ago that Catholic people were horrified at the thought of taking pictures of the Pope. Now they are "snapping" Almighty God!

This "all out" Catholic Action will never get anywhere if some people prominent in it do not start reacting as decent Catholics to what is fitting and proper in the surroundings of an intimate act of union of the creature and the Creator.

It seems to me that these candid camera shots of Christ are manifestations of one of the most glaring faults of those who, with typical American salesmanship,

are trying to put the Church over "with a bang"—the overlooking of the fact that it is ingrained in human nature to surround religious experiences with mystery and awe. Theologians call this, I believe, *indoles humana*, and the Church never has forgotten this—until the Catholic Actionists started putting on the pressure!

I do wish that these people who are trying to bring the world back to God by selling the Catholic Church to its people would have sense enough to recall that the world was long ago offered to God by a super-salesman who used the most modern technique of painting a picture. He refused it, saying: "Begone Satan!"

Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. THOMAS R. MURPHY

DEMAND FOR DANTE

EDITOR: From time to time we have noticed articles on Dante's *Divine Comedy* in *AMERICA*, although sad to say, not lately. The last one exhorted Catholics to read, at least, *Paradise*, because the author felt that every Catholic should become acquainted with Dante's Heavenly Vision.

This reader has a small collection of Catholic literature on the *Comedy*, but has been unable to secure the only Catholic version, namely: Father Bowden's English translation from the German of Father Hettinger. It seems too bad that we must read this wonderful Catholic poem from the version of non-Catholic authors only, such as Longfellow, Norton, Carp, etc. Not that we have any intentions of slighting their work, but rather that we have a desire to read the *Comedy* from a Catholic viewpoint.

I wonder if a little interest in a demand for a Catholic translation of the *Divine Comedy* cannot be stirred up.

Wollaston, Mass.

CHARLES L. MURPHY

SOCIAL WORK AND RELIGIOUS

EDITOR: To the recent conjectures in *AMERICA* in explanation of the decreasing number of those entering the Religious state, may we offer another?

The considerable progress of social work in recent years has given many young men and women an outlet for their zeal and self-sacrificing Christian love. A lay social worker may devote his or her life, or a part of it, to the welfare of the members of Christ's Mystical Body, at the same time enjoying many of the comforts and luxuries of life foreign to a Religious. This type of social work is admirable, we admit. But we hope our modern youth are not shunning the Religious state with the vain regret that

though I knew His love Who followed,

Yet was I sore adread

Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside.

Yankton, S. Dak.

SISTER MARY JANE, O.S.B.

GIVING UP THE MASS?

EDITOR: I note that one of your correspondents (A.B.C., *AMERICA*, May 23) suggests factory Chaplains to look after the spiritual welfare of Catholic youth working every Sunday and consequently missing Mass every Sunday, as a substitute for the Third Commandment and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the heart and soul of the Catholic Faith.

I propose the classic question—why was the Irish race blessed with the priceless gift of retaining the Faith in spite of centuries of unequalled persecution? And I give the classic answer. Because they retained the Mass. I

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propose another. Why are we losing the Faith in this country? My answer would be that we have erased the Third Commandment from our minds and are giving up the Mass.

I recall, too, that one of the first reforms of the Soviet Government in Russia was to liquidate Sunday as a day of rest. With millions today unable to find employment in this country it would seem that the need for the elimination of Sunday as a day to give honor and glory to God is not so great as the desire to follow in the footsteps of our ally, Soviet Russia.

Is it possible that Catholics can believe that God will bless our labor or our rest when we deny Him the one day He has asked? Is a factory Chaplain giving spiritual advice to workers an adequate substitute for the unbloody Sacrifice of Calvary or sufficient atonement for scrapping the Third Commandment? It is a truism that wherever the Faith has been lost, the Mass was lost first. It would seem that the time had arrived when Catholics must choose between Christ or Mars.

New York, N. Y.

A. R.

POMEGRANATES AND HOSPITALERS

EDITOR: The article, *Words in Wartime*, by Sister Julie (AMERICA, May 16) made very interesting reading for the members of our community. For its armorial bearings the Hospitaler Order of Saint John of God uses a half-opened pomegranate, representing Charity, surmounted by a cross, to signify what the virtue usually costs. Its device is the word Charity.

The Child Jesus appeared to Saint John of God in Gibraltar. In His hands He held aloft a half-opened pomegranate, the emblem of charity, surmounted by a cross, saying at the same time: "John of God! Granada will be thy cross!" The word granada in Spanish signifies pomegranate and the city of Granada was called the city of pomegranates.

Sister Julie's description of this fruit is very beautiful, and gives our members much food for thought.

BROTHER MATTHIAS BARRETT, O.S.J.D.

General Delegate for the U.S.A.

San Fernando, Cal.

CORRECTION ON ART

EDITOR: Many thanks for publishing my letter in the May 16 issue. But I must submit a correction, especially since it is important as an answer to Mr. Byrne's objection.

The present reading is: "My scorn was aimed at this irrational jumble of cubes and cones and at the significant idea which unifies and ennobles true art."

It should read: "My scorn was aimed at this irrational jumble of cubes and cones and *not* at the significant idea which unifies and ennobles true art."

I am sorry to cause this trouble; but the "not" is important and perhaps this correct reading will answer any legitimate objections.

Spokane, Wash.

EDWIN J. McDERMOTT, S.J.

LETTERS TO FATHER CALLAN

"Once you break away from the absolutely heroic, there is no end to the number of possible candidates (for canonization). If Cardinal Newman, why not Cardinal Manning, Pius XI, and their contemporary, the Carmelite, Mother Mary of Jesus, who has just died? They are all very holy and very human."

Thus I quote Canon Arthur Jackman from page 40 of the *June Catholic Digest*. Canon Jackman evidently little favors the cause of Newman. He does not understand the "itch" to raise to the Altar merely "eminently respectable people who have led moderately or even very edifying lives."

An answer to the "why not Cardinal Manning, etc.?"

might be simply "why not?" Widened interest in the practical matter of the second mark of the Church during the century just elapsed is certainly not idle; it can do no harm. Is Canon Jackman using the "wedge" argument? Is it not possible that he is afraid of abuses? Again, is it not possible that there are actually canonized Saints who, before investigation widened the horizon of the first scrutiny, seemed to have led little more than moderately edifying lives?

Lastly, what is the "absolutely heroic" and what is the first degree below it? Providence will forestall any "cheapening" of the honors of canonization.

Los Gatos, Cal.

JOHN B. BROLAN, S.J.

Aside from the constructive influence of his saintly life, and great intellectual achievements, John Henry Newman stressed the important truth that the Catholic religion and the Church are not "foreign affairs" so far as the English speaking world is concerned.

It was the almost universal notion in England in Newman's day that the Catholic and Roman Faith was indeed a foreign affair. If then the average Englishman chanced to come into personal contact with a Catholic priest, he was very often a foreigner in race. Pope Leo XIII therefore showed farsighted wisdom in raising Father Newman to the Cardinalate. By so doing Leo showed forth to the whole English-speaking world, not only the true democracy of the Church, but also her supranational character.

The movement to petition the Church to recognize the saintly character of the great Newman is born of a real appreciation of the fact that in him the Faith in England showed forth its undying life as well as its regenerative and recuperative powers. As in Saint Francis of Assisi, so in Newman, the Christian life blossomed through sacrifice, so that it made its appeal far beyond the normal sphere of the Church militant, and reached out to the other sheep who are not yet of the fold. Newman was indeed a mighty man of God, and time only serves to throw his figure into bolder and sharper relief.

Fairhaven, Mass.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH

It was brought to my attention some months ago that you had written an article for AMERICA, concerning Cardinal John Henry Newman in which you expressed your desire that the canonization of such a saintly man should be earnestly desired and prayed for by Catholics.

As members of a club which is named after him, we are very interested in that article, and at a convention of the Canadian Province of the Newman Club Federation a resolution was passed to the effect that we should promote this cause in our clubs. We have decided to study more carefully his life and works, and to commence a crusade of prayer for Newman's canonization.

It is in this connection that I write to you now. We are going to endeavor to hold, next fall, what we have named a "John Henry Newman Sunday." On this day—tentatively October 11, since it is the Sunday immediately following October 8, the anniversary of his ordination and the only significant date in the Fall term—we wish to hold a National Communion Breakfast. All the members will offer their prayers for this cause and afterwards, at the Breakfast, will be addressed by some authority on Newman.

You may have every assurance that we are most eager to do what we can here in Canada, and perhaps in conjunction with the Federation in America later on, since they have shown—at least in Washington—great interest in our suggestions.

Toronto, Canada.

CATHERINE D. MCLEAN,
Secretary, Canadian Province
of the Newman Club Federation.

(The views expressed under "Correspondence" are the views of the writers. Though the Editor publishes them, he may or may not agree with them; just as the readers may or may not agree with the Editor. The Editor believes that letters should be limited to 300 words. He likes short, pithy letters, merely tolerates lengthy ones.)

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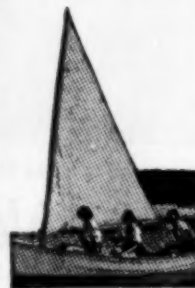
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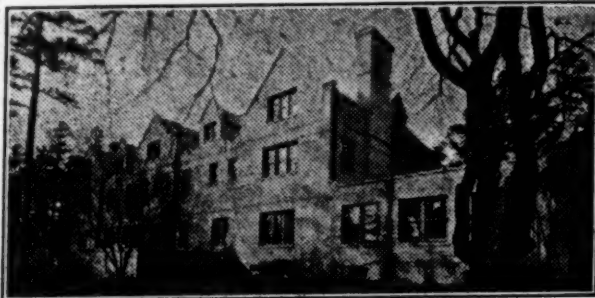
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EVENTS

EACH week, the news demonstrates that human activities follow a very irregular pattern. . . . Some men, for example, spend their whole lives outside of jail. Others allocate their time along different lines. . . . An Eastern citizen, thirty years of age, has put in fifteen of those thirty years inside prison. . . . An eighty-two-year-old Omaha man, described as a very kindly old fellow, has spent forty-one years behind prison bars. Recently returned once more to penitentiary walls, he asserted he had become so accustomed to life in jail that he could not get used to existence outside. He looks forward with dread to the conclusion of his present sentence. . . . Some prison wardens have a low idea of the honesty of their convict charges. Others, on the contrary, do not share this low view. . . . When \$250 was stolen from the office of an Eastern prison, the warden declared: "It must have been an outside job." . . . Most prisoners contemplating escape do not reveal their plans to the authorities. Some inmates, however, adopt a different attitude. An Illinois convict requested transfer to the prison honor farm. When asked why he sought this transfer, he replied it would be easier for him to escape from the honor farm. . . . In the vast areas outside of prison walls, human activities present the same variation in pattern. . . . Taking a diametrically opposite stand to that of most men in his situation, a soldier recently wrote to his regimental headquarters asking for "extension of my A.W.O.L." . . . Missing Persons Bureaus ordinarily are not requested to search for people who have been missing fifty years or more. On the other hand, these bureaus sometimes receive such requests. A Midwest citizen asked a Missing Persons Bureau to put on an intensive hunt for his father who disappeared in 1882. . . .

In Pennsylvania, the State Rationing Administration received an appeal for new tires. The motorist making the appeal declared he needed the tires to drive into town for his relief check. . . . A New York Negro, becoming very angry during an argument with a friend, decided to burglarize a fourth-floor apartment. He described the situation to the judge thus: "I climbed up the fire escape, and as I looked in the window I thought: 'Why should I harm a man just because I'm mad at a friend?' I struggled with my conscience for fifteen minutes. My conscience had just won when the cops came. I got arrested." . . . Eight years ago, a Detroit housewife, the mother of eight children, befriended a beggar who had been injured in an alley fight. After she had treated his wounds, the man took her name and address, and declared: "Some day I will repay you for your great kindness." The lady never saw him again, forgot all about the incident. Last week, she received notification that the beggar had died and left her \$11,000. . . .

Recent experiments disclosed that night blindness can be caused quickly by certain diet deficiencies. . . . One subject of the experiment was brought up to normal vision by proper dieting. He was then deprived of certain vitamins for a month, after which he required fifty times as much light to see anything in the dark. And then one dose of halibut-liver oil brought his vision back to normal in a little over two hours. . . . In this world, men are living in a sort of spiritual night. They see things in this night by means of Faith, which may be described as spiritual vision. . . . A deficiency in the spiritual diet—dangerous reading, dangerous associations, neglect of the Sacraments, sin—can reduce the spiritual vision to the point of blindness. . . . And the proper diet can strengthen Faith, enable men to perceive the real values in the night of this world.

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